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CHICAGO'S TRAGEDY OF BOMBS AND BLOOD

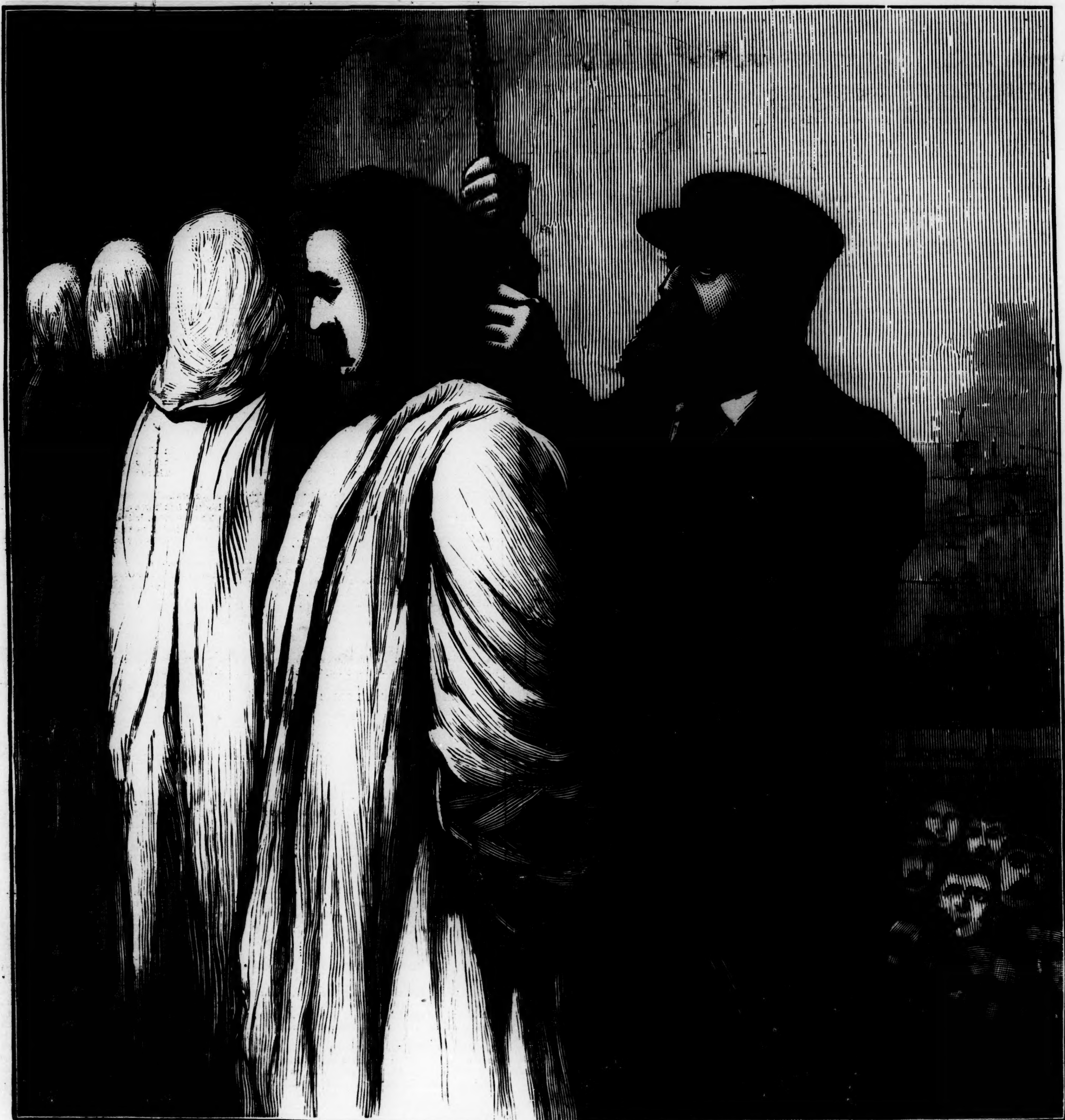
THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE The Last Act! THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1887.

VOLUME LI.—No. 532.
Price Ten Cents.



RING DOWN THE CURTAIN.

FOUR OF THE INCITERS OF THE HAYMARKET RIOT AT CHICAGO EXPIATE THEIR GREAT CRIME ON THE GALLOWS.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1887.

EXTRA!

THE HANGING.

At 11:15 a final lunch was given to the men, who ate heartily and called for coffee.

All the men took stimulants except Parsons. The sheriff now appeared with the death warrant. He read it first to Spies, after which he shook hands with him and bade him good-by.

Spies was next strapped and the white shroud placed on him. He looked pale and haggard. He asked to have the straps binding him loosened, which was done.

The death warrant was next read to Fischer and then to Engel as the shroud was being placed on Fischer. Parsons was the last to hear the death warrant. He shuddered perceptibly at the proceedings, while the others were self-possessed.

The moments seemed like hours. All eyes were fixed upon Deputy Sheriff Cahill, who, standing at the head of the corridor, was to give the signal when the head of the ghastly procession was to move from the other side of the building.

The procession formed and the men walked entirely unassisted, and with firm, steady steps. At the gate opposite the cage door they bid good-by to those inside.

The moments pass on. A report gained currency that the Sheriff was holding off until the last moment in expectation that something might be heard from Springfield. Suddenly the face of Deputy Gleason was seen at the entrance of the corridor leading to the scaffold. His face was white and he trembled in every limb. He raised his hand. The moment had arrived. The shuffling of feet was heard in the corridor. Sheriff Matson appeared, his back to the gathering and facing the procession.

Spies came into view first, with a broad shouldered balliff on his right; next came Fischer, then Engel. All three stepped from the second tier of cells to the scaffold.

The spectators drew a long breath. "Parsons is saved," was the word that went around, but it was not to be. A second later and Parsons appeared.

The four men were placed upon the trap, all ghastly pale. Spies' hair seemed to literally stand upon end; Engel's shoulders seemed nearly to touch the top of his head.

Parsons set his teeth firmly together and looked down calmly upon the crowd beneath. His face was the face of a man of iron. A murmur of admiration for his unflinching nerve went through the spectators. Engel turned around and said something inaudible to the deputy. It was evidently of a jocular character, for the condemned man laughed heartily. Fischer looked at him a moment, and then he, too, put in a remark.

Spies and Parsons at each end of the scaffold maintained a stolid and dignified demeanor, but there was a look of unutterable woe on the face of the ex-editor which pierced the hearts of those surrounding the scaffold.

The shrouds had already been adjusted before the men left their cells. Nothing remained but to encircle each neck with the noose and to cover each head with the cap. Jailer Folz approached Spies. A quick movement, so quick that it could hardly be noticed, and the rope was around his neck and drawn taut. There was not a movement of a muscle. The same stolid look, the same woe-begone look from the eyes.

Folz moved a step, and in a moment the throat of Fischer was encircled by the noose. He moved his head up and down as if it hurt him. Engel did not move as the operation was being performed. Parsons riveted his gaze on the ground, and his features were contracted. All four were evidently determined to die game.

A deputy approached Spies with the cap in his hands. The condemned man said something in an undertone, as if remonstrating. The deputy wavered for a moment. Spies spoke still more earnestly. The deputy looked at the sheriff. The latter closed his eyes. It is enough. The cap was quickly drawn over the face of the anarchist leader. It has been seen for the last time in life.

The head of Engel was next covered, then Fischer. Parsons last. Fischer's head moved up and down in the direction of the sheriff, who, with his hands upon the iron railing of the gallery, was ready to give the signal.

It was as though the Anarchist, as well as he could in his muslin-covered head, was beckoning the sheriff to approach him. That official, however, did not respond.

There was a moment of deathlike silence. Then clear and distinct came the voice of Spies. His form straightened up. The muslin seemed to move in harmony with his lips. "Our silence is more powerful than speech." That is all, but there was a ring to it that echoed far down the corridor. Silence again for a second.

Then in round, full voice a shout, "Hurrah for Anarchy!" comes from Engel.

Another pause, broke this time by the voice of Fischer: "This is the happiest moment of my life!" He has had his say.

Then the clear, modulated voice of Parsons broke the oppressive stillness with the words: "Shall I be allowed to speak? Oh! men and women of dear America."

The sheriff shifted his position a little, but the speaker must have seen the movement through the folds of the cap. There was a rising infection in his voice, not so much of pleading as of demand. "Let me speak, Sheriff Matson," is what he said.

"Let the voice of the people be heard!"—down went the drop. The last words of Parsons had died upon his lips. Four bodies swung in empty air, and the Haymarket massacre was avenged.

The bodies of the men dangled in the air. Fischer died hard. The pulses of the men ceased beating in about fifteen minutes. The coffins were taken to the scaffold and the bodies placed therein.

ALL OVER!

The Four Condemned

Anarchists Meet

Their Fate Like

Men.

HUNG BY THE NECK

Every One Of Them

Faces His Doom

With Courage.

THE TRAGEDY

Is Pushed to Its Doleful

Conclusion, and the

Vengeful Law

FEEDS ON HUMAN FLESH.

Scenes and Incidents of the His-

torical Episode in Chicago's

Crime Life.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE "POLICE GAZETTE."]

THE NIGHT BEFORE.

CHICAGO, Nov. 11, 9:30.

What of these thoughts passed through the minds of the four condemned men last night? Only their Gods might know. Their demeanor was that of most criminals—cool, indifferent or sullenly resigned. I have seen many criminals on their last night of life and in but one, Mrs. Druse, have I seen much nervousness or apprehension, and much of that in her case was due, I think, to the mistaken kindness of a deputy, who gave her renewed hope that the Governor would pardon her. The mind dwelling long on one subject becomes dulled to it, like the often-struck key of a piano which finally becomes mute.

The death watches were guarding each. The cell doors were open and one of the watch was watching, while the other paced his vigil without. Not a motion, not a sound eluded these keen-eyed sentinels appointed to see that the gallows is not cheated of its due.

Fischer and Engel slept most of the time. Spies wrote a while, then threw himself on his bed face down. Then he began chatting with his guard. He discussed calmly enough the Haymarket tragedy, and said the authorities and police were alone to blame. He spoke of the visit made by the Rev. Mr. Bolton, and laughed as he recalled his advice to the reverend gentleman to go home and not bother himself with prayers in so useless a cause.

PARSONS SINGS "ANNIE LAURIE."

Parsons was restless too, but outwardly calm. He sang "Annie Laurie" twice to his guard in a voice hardly above a whisper. He said he was willing to be immolated in the cause and had nothing to regret.

Spies tried to sleep. At 2 o'clock he got up and lighted a cigar, which he puffed in moody silence. Then he went back to bed and closed his eyes, but it was evident he did not sleep. Parsons slept a little, but at 4 o'clock he stirred uneasily and then rubbed his eyes, stared wonderingly at his death-watch as though he had forgotten, recollected himself with a start and composed himself again.

At 4:50 a deputy, who was watching for such trifles to tell me, called my attention to Engel's muttering in his sleep. The few words which were caught were those of endearment, as though his dreams were of once happy and long ago days before these troubles came.

ENGEL PROTESTS HIS INNOCENCE.

Engel declared to-night that he was not at the Haymarket and knew nothing of the bomb's deadly work until the following day. This does not lessen Engel's guilt, however. He was foreman of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*. He had the revenge circular printed, and he led the foreman of the press-room to hurry up for he wanted enough to distribute in time to collect the armed meeting at the Haymarket.

TELEGRAMS FOR SPIES AND PARSONS.

At 5:10 A. M. the messenger brought two telegrams, one for Spies and one for Parsons. Sheriff Matson received and kept them until their owners should awake.

Fischer was now awake and smoking a cigar. The others were asleep.

VIEWING LINGG'S BODY.

A deputy now led me into the bath-room. There on the pallet were the blankets and pillows saturated by Lingg's blood, and in a cheap wooden coffin, with ice, lay the dead malefactor himself. The body was naked. It was symmetrical and had the lines of great strength. The work of the explosive was horribly clear in that upturned mass of raw flesh, with nothing human in it but two wildly staring eyes. The body will lie there until claimed for the grave with the others to-day.

THE INSTRUMENT OF DEATH.

Next the deputy led me through a labyrinth of narrow passages, occluded by wrought-iron doors, to the main hall of the prison, at the end of which stood the instrument of death. Its construction is simple, its frame gaunt and stiff, its color a dark red brown, as of long dried blood. Two narrow trusses seven feet high are its support. They bear up a platform ten feet long by nine wide, the outer half of which swings down on hinges. This half is to be supported by a rope. Behind is a wooden screen, painted like the rest, and behind this is to be concealed the hangman. When the signal is given he will cut the rope and the trap will fall with its freight. The beam is a simple cross piece on two stout uprights with braces at the ends.

Into its lower edge, two feet apart, are stout bolts of wrought iron, and the fatal ropes dangle from these. These are half-inch manila, selected with great care. Two 100-pound bags have been attached to each and dropped several times to test their strength. These bags were still gripped by the nooses at 5:30.

A TERRIBLE NECESSITY.

The apparatus to be used in this execution is called here the new scaffold, but three men have already suffered death upon it.

There in the dim light it stood awaiting its prey, dark and grim—a terrible necessity, and yet an engine of public good.

SLEEPING THEIR LAST SLEEP.

5:30 A. M.—Darkness still reigns, and comparative silence has settled upon the jail. The condemned men are all asleep. Engel and Fischer are soundly so, as their stertorous breathing attests. Parsons stirs nervously from time to time, and Spies is so still that it is evident he is but dozing.

ALL COMERS CHALLENGED.

The court building adjoining is barricaded, and two officers with loaded muskets guard the iron door and challenge all comers. There are two companies of police on guard in and about the building. All are armed with musket and revolver, and all ready to use them if emergency arise.

Just as soon as the city stir reinforcements will arrive on the ground, and still larger forces will be ready to concentrate upon the signal at such point where danger may threaten. Any attempt at rescue would be a bloody one, but it is extremely improbable any such attempt will be made.

THE DANGER OF A PUBLIC FUNERAL.

The greatest danger will come if the authorities allow the proposed public funeral of the "martyrs" on Sunday. The attendance would be immense and the feeling high, and if a collision is to come it may be looked for then. It is to be hoped that by insisting upon immediate burial to-day this danger may be averted. It certainly would be a wise precaution.

ENGEL RESIGNED TO HIS FATE.

The death watch has just been relieved. They report the four sleeping soundly, not having so far evinced any nervousness or fear. Engel said an hour ago: "I am perfectly resigned to my fate. I am a martyr, and my cruel death will be good for the cause. I could not be of so much service to anarchy living as by dying thus. This is a view which a clipping from a newspaper gave me, and since I read it I have not feared to die."

MURDERER'S ROW.

Spies, while smoking his cigar at 2 o'clock, said laughingly to the guard: "Boys, you will see me march up just as firm as I am now."

MRS. PARSONS CALLED TOO LATE.

Parsons talked at great length about religion, in which he does not believe. He is an Agnostic, and will have nothing to do with priests. When told late at night that his wife had called too late to be admitted to take farewell, he shrugged his shoulders and made no reply.

Six o'clock A. M.—The gray light of the last hours of the four felons' lives is fast stealing like a ghost through the bars, and making the gas flames burn with unnatural pallor. The great city is awakening, and the hum of her thousands of busy wheels has arisen. A new influx of correspondents has relieved the hollow-eyed, whose vigil has lasted until now, and the clatter up and down the iron steps of scurrying messengers increases each minute. The day has fairly begun, with its certainty of some horrors and its uncertainty of possible others.

Within the visitors' cage and immediately in front of Spies' cell two little telegraph instruments have set

up their brazen clatter, busily hurrying the bulletins East and West, North and South, the country over.

The telephone is buzzing every half minute. Anxious inquiries have poured in to know if Spies has confessed, if Engel has blown himself up, if Parsons has cut his throat, if the jail has been attacked; and one crank merely wished to know if the condemned men had been baptized. Several dispatches were brought at once by a small, vigorous boy, insisting that the sheriff must not hang the men to-day at all.

READY FOR THE EXECUTION.

The last touches have been given to the gallows, the sand bags have been removed and the horses tested and found to be in running order. The trap is now set in position, and the axe to cut the rope is behind the screen. The procession of death will have to mount to the first gallery, which is on a level with a trap, and walk about 120 feet around the two angles, for the gallows is diagonally behind the cells the men now occupy. The removal of the prisoners on that side of the jail has already begun, one at a time and quietly. Engel is awake now, but the rest are sleeping.

Peering up at the sullen sky through the grated windows, Engel shrugged his shoulders and remarked: "It is too bad we cannot have good weather." The executioner has arrived and is going in to adjust the drop which will be four feet six inches.

EXCHANGING FAREWELLS.

CHICAGO, ILL., Nov. 10, 1887.—Excitement has reigned in Cook County Jail to-day. The suicide of Louis Lingg and the reception of Governor Oglesby's decision as to the fate of the condemned could not be other than events of tremendous interest. Both have added to the intense strain under which all are laboring who are connected in any way with the tragedy that is engrossing the attention of the whole civilized world.

The news that executive clemency had been extended to Fielden and Schwab, having been sent to their relatives, brought them speedily to the jail. Mrs. Schwab was the first. Her husband was taken from his cell to the main office to meet her. She quickly advanced to him and throwing her arms about his neck burst into tears. Schwab returned the embrace in a calm manner, and then the two quietly chatted together.

LAST INTERVIEWS.

Not more touching, but infinitely more sad, were the interviews between the men who must die to-morrow and the near and dear ones who visited the jail to bid them farewell. Spies and Fischer were taken from their cells to the jail library for their meeting, while Engel was taken to the private office of Mr. Folz.

Engel's daughter was the first to arrive after Mrs. Schwab. When father and child met there was an outburst of grief which it is impossible to describe. The two clung to each other and sobbed convulsively. Their conversation was in German, and listened to only by Deputy Oleson.

Then came Mrs. Spies, the mother of August. She had been waiting outside for an hour and a half. Her sobs could be heard through the corridors of the building. She did not stay long in the library with her son.

Mrs. Fischer was next admitted. Her lamentations were heard above the tramp of the deputies, who swarmed about the place.

NINA VAN ZANDT'S LAST VISIT.

The proxy wife of August Spies visited the jail with the evident intention of displaying a spirit of fortitude. Deputy Oleson conducted her to the library. As she walked through the main office she betrayed no emotion.

But when Nina Van Zandt and August Spies were face to face the girl's demeanor was completely changed. There was a look, then a gasp, and in a trice the two were in each other's arms. A bevy of curious reporters and officers crowded up to the door of the library, but it was quickly shut by the deputy.

The interview between the prisoner and his faithful devotee lasted nearly half an hour. What was said will probably never be known to the world, but it was sufficient to bring a glimmer of tears to the eyes of the old deputy. In half an hour the two had parted and the excitement of the entrance of Nina had passed.

WELL ARMED DEPUTIES.

There was an influx of deputy sheriffs to the jail. Men who had for years been serving civil writs and not bothering their heads about hangings came in. They all wore heavy overcoats and in the right hand pockets of these were bulky objects which, to the eyes of the experienced, were plainly revolvers. Orders were given forbidding the entrance of anyone not connected with the press or the sheriff's office. Then some of the deputies went to supper and matters quieted down.

LINGG CHEATS THE GALLOWS.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10.—While Deputy O'Neill, the guard on duty in front of Lingg's cell, was standing with his back to the cell door a little before 9 o'clock this morning there was a loud explosion, and the stalwart guard stood stupefied, while a puff of blue smoke from the dark recesses behind crossed his shoulder. Then ensued a wild rush of deputies, the clanging of iron gates and above the confusion and din the hoarse shouting of the guard: "It's Lingg! It's Lingg! That came from Lingg!"

A turnkey flung the cell door open, and two excited deputies jumped in. Their ejaculations of horror brought the other guards quickly within the cell. An age of agony and suspense was passed by the jail inmates in the cells above and around. There was a shuffling of feet on the stone floor, and then the hundreds of strained eyes watching down through the iron netting and bars saw a group of guards in shirt sleeves struggling across the dimly lighted area, bearing by legs and arms the body of a man between them. The upturned face was a huge clot of blood, but the turnkey, who supported the head, had his fingers wound tightly into the unmistakable brown curling ringlets of the bomb maker, Louis Lingg.

The big key of Jailer Folz grating in the main lock interrupted for a moment the sound of pattering blood on the white stone pavement. There was a creaking of rusty hinges, and the anarchists and common jail birds had gazed their last on Lingg. A few steps brought the huddled up cortege to the bathroom of the jail, a stuffy little apartment scarcely ten feet square. Lingg was dumped on the floor with scant tenderness by the men who have been daily half expecting to meet their death at his hands.

To all appearances the anarchist was dead. His lithe, athletic form was clothed only in a short shift, and the brawny limbs seemed rigid. A small stream of blood oozed through the brown curls, and one glance showed how Lingg had striven with dynamite to blow off his head. The entire lower half of the once handsome face was gone, including the upper lip and

jaw and the lower part of the nose. Where it had been was now a jagged, bloody gap, extending across to the ears and down to the throat.

"Open your eyes, Lingg," exclaimed the jail doctor, who had just reached the room. To the astonishment of the bystanders Lingg's eyes opened and looked calmly about him. He was immediately raised to a table and propped up with pillows, and was washed hurriedly. Cloth bandages were passed around the lower part of the face and around the top of the head, hiding all but the nose, eyes and forehead, all loose, dangling bones and flesh being first cut away.

DEPUTY O'NEILL'S STORY.

Deputy Sheriff O'Neill told this story to a reporter. This deputy has been stationed directly in front of Lingg's cell, and Deputy Engelhardt was his brother officer.

"At 8:40 o'clock everything in the jail was quiet. The common prisoners were taking their breakfast in the usual manner. Jailer Conrad Folz, having driven from his home in the north side, entered the jail at the hour mentioned. His first question was as to how Lingg felt. I replied that the prisoner was very quiet this morning. I had my back to the door of his cell, but, to assure myself, turned about and looked into the enclosure. Lingg was lying down on his cot. There was a candle burning on his table. The use of a candle has been allowed him for some time. Jailer Folz went into his private office, which is about twenty feet from the cage in which Lingg's cell is. A moment later there was an explosion. To my mind it was such an explosion as would be occasioned by the discharge of a double-barrelled shotgun heavily loaded with slug-shot.

"Immediately I, Engelhardt and Deputies Egan and Hogan jumped to the door of the cell. At the moment of the explosion Jailer Folz ran out of the office and came to our assistance. At this moment we saw a few wreaths of smoke coming out of the cell occupied by Lingg. The prisoner was on the floor. The lower part of his face was such a mass of blood that the features were unrecognizable. Blood was scattered over the floor, on the cot, in places on the wall, and the body of the suicide was covered with it.

"Deputy Egan was immediately dispatched to the doctor's apartments. When the doctor came to the jail proper he saw at once that the case was one which he could not safely handle alone. He sent a messenger around to Dr. Fenger's house, a few blocks away. Dr. Fenger is a skilled surgeon. As soon as he arrived he ordered Lingg taken to another room. The one selected was the bathroom of the jail. The dying man was carried to this apartment by myself and the three deputies mentioned. He was placed on a table. By



TOUCHING OFF THE BOMB.

this time three other physicians had arrived. One dressed the torn flesh, another gave attention to the tongue of the mortally wounded man. A portion of the tongue was left and was attached to the palate. This fell back into the throat, stopping Lingg's breathing. The physician pulled this back, and a string was attached which was held by a deputy, thus allowing respiration. While this was going on another surgeon had a syringe in his hands and frequently injected portions of brandy and again doses of salt. Morphine injections were also given.

WAITING SIX HOURS FOR DEATH.

The gutta serena mouth of a fountain syringe was inserted with a doctor's finger into the great hole left by the dynamite. By this method water and brandy were administered. This was repeated at intervals. Lingg meanwhile gazed steadfastly about him watching every move of those in the room, but apparently indifferent to what they did and caring nothing about the almost ceaseless slamming of the door only a few feet distant. Every now and then, without any seeming immediate cause a fearful hollow groaning would sound through the bandages. Listeners, aghast, would abandon the room only to give place to a new set not yet weakened by the horrors within the death chamber.

Lingg moved his long, sinewy right arm easily—his left hand was torn by the dynamite—and without trouble wrote in German simple directions as to raising him higher or the like. Beyond a glance of recognition to Capt. Black, who came into the room for a moment and said "Poor, poor fellow," there was nothing to break the horrible agony of six mortal hours' wait for death's approach.

Up to within five minutes of his death he was conscious, and then he began to fail rapidly. Two minutes before the fatal moment his eyes opened, he cast a look around him, and his head dropped, and that was the last sign of life manifested. Moyer immediately telephoned for the coroner. The inquest will be held this evening.

The newspaper men and deputies instinctively raised their hats as they passed into the presence of death. The air was fetid with the pungent odor of ether. There on the table lay the blood-stained corpse of Lingg. There the curtain fell on the last scene of a tragic life. Only a cabinet maker but he had made a stir in his day. "They that take by the sword shall perish by the sword." He had made bombs to destroy capitalists and wreck society, and, lo, he himself perished by the bomb. The body of him who was so defiant but a few short hours ago lay limp on the table, wrapped in the blanket which had warmed his naked body since nine o'clock this morning. The dried clots of blood hung from his mangled lip and caked on the bandages. Gore streaked his sturdy arms and his broad chest.

The bailiffs, Beers and Cleveland, and the reporter, Klein, who had held up his head in his agony this morning, stood by his side and watched till his last breath departed.

"He is dead," whispered Beers, and the suspense was over.

WORK OF THE DEADLY BOMB.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10, 1887.—I gazed on the dead body of Lingg this afternoon. The spectacle was one that only a man of nerve could contemplate. The bath-room of the jail is a small apartment opening out of the jail office. It is a small affair, perhaps thirteen feet square, with an overhead skylight. The centre was occupied



THE SCENE IN LINGG'S CELL.

by a pallet, on which were laid a number of folded blankets. The floor was littered with bloody clothes and the dilapidated looking bathtub was half filled with ensanguined linen and clothing. A trail of blood leading from the doorway, but partially mopped up, indicated the progress of the body of the suicide from the prison office, through which it was borne in its progress from the cell where the fatal act was committed.

THE FACE UNVEILED.

The form of the dead man lay outstretched on the blankets. A coarse blue prison covering was drawn over the long lower limbs and was folded back from the naked breast. The muscular, shapely arms were folded and bare. One hand was enveloped in cotton batting as a protection for the injured thumb, lacerated and broken by the explosion. The upper part of the silent face was uninjured; the broad, white brow and the strongly marked eyebrows were free from the effects of the bomb burst. But what a dreadful sight the lower portion presented when the cotton batting employed as a dressing was removed! The eyes, blue and by no means unpleasing when the pupils expanded and scintillated in the various optical changes of life, were fixed and dull beneath the half open lids. The lower portion of the nose was torn away, the edges presenting a ragged border blackened and charred by the explosion. White fissures ran upward in the sound flesh.

There was a long split extending up the right cheek from the place where the outer edge of the mouth should have been. Yes, the organ of speech of Lingg, the mouth which had in the old days so often harangued the sympathizers with anarchy to deeds of disorder, was gone. Instead a blackened, blood-stained cavity remained like the crater of a volcano or the result of an earth blast. The muscles of the cheeks were hanging exposed like a fleshy fringe.

THE JAWS IN FRAGMENTS.

The upper jawbone was torn away and the fragments of the lower jaw hung by the ligaments on either side. Near the sockets down the sides of the neck the dreadful rending shows itself, and the throat in front also came in for a display of ghastly violence. The remains of the tongue were drawn on one side by a thread placed by the surgeons to prevent the paralyzed mass from falling back and inducing suffocation. What could be seen of the palate and throat was swollen and lacerated, while one of the strong white teeth was forced into the tissues beside the uvula. The rigidity of death was slowly setting in, and the head,



TRYING TO REVIVE LINGG.

turned to one side, rose like a gory tower upon the powerful neck and chest.

THE NATURE OF THE WEAPON.

The dynamite cap must have been held by the teeth and set off with a fuse. No traces of the copper shell were to be found, but that the deadly agent was a small one appears plain. Whether passed in through the medium of the interior of a cigar or a candle Lingg was fully prepared even when the large gaspings of Sunday were taken away from his cell. The quantity of dynamite contained in the shell could have been held on the blade of a penknife.

One theory rests on the possibility of Lingg's having crushed the extremity of the tube with his teeth and then setting off the fulminate of mercury, which was placed so as to set free the dynamite by concussion. Another is that a small piece of fuse ran in the open end of the copper tube and communicated with the detonating substance. A lighted candle, match, or the end of a cigar ignited the fuse and the sputtering fire then danced merrily down its way toward death. Lingg could not have suffered much pain. The effects

of the explosion benumbed the nerves, and the depressing sequences of shock rendered the man oblivious to the racking suffering the large amount of exposed nerve would have engendered under other circumstances. The tragedy is over so far as Louis Lingg is concerned. Ring down the curtain and let the wretched man rest in the oblivion of a much desired death.

DEATHBED SCENES.

Incidents of the death of Lingg and of the scenes at the jail are reported as follows: The physicians worked over Lingg for an hour, and at half-past eleven had the ragged portions of the face cut away and bandaged up. The exposed and torn arteries were tied up, and the flap of skin—the front of his face—was taken by the end and turned under the chin and bandaged. The wounded man was held in a sitting posture during this operation, and despite the frequent injections of morphine administered he was conscious. With his bloody fingers the bomb maker took a pencil from the hand of one who was holding him and made some scrawling marks on a piece of paper placed in front of him. The words were in German. Translated they read as follows: "I cannot breathe lying down. I would rather sit up."

Occasionally a guttural moan would come from Lingg's throat—a horrible, awful sound—but he could not speak, the mouth, tongue and jaw being blown away. Lingg's tongue was afterward found in the cell, torn almost to pieces and blackened by contact with the heat of the explosion. Lingg choked somewhat from the rush of blood down his throat for half an hour after the explosion, and it was thought at the time that he would suffocate, but the physicians soon remedied this, and, removing his clothes, propped him up in a sitting posture and allowed the waste blood to flow out.

RECOGNIZING HIS COUNSEL.

Captain Black came to the jail and went to the room where the doctors were working with Lingg. "Poor fellow, poor fellow!" he murmured. "Can he recognize me?" "Lingg, do you know Captain Black?" asked Deputy Sheriff Morgan.

Lingg opened his eyes, looked steadfastly at the captain and nodded his head. The rags and strings of flesh that hung to his face waved to and fro, and the captain, almost overcome, left the room. Captain Black said when he first heard of the attempt: "Good Heavens! will this awful affair put a stop to the inhuman public thirst for the blood of these men?"

sheriff, who was acting under directions of Sheriff Matson.

"But I must go in to see my husband," exclaimed Mrs. Parsons.

"You cannot," was the firm reply.

Then the dusky wife of the Anarchist threw up her hands and fell to the tiled floor in a dead faint. It took over twenty minutes to bring her to consciousness, but when this was done she was escorted from the building. Parsons was not informed of the episode.

Just at the time this incident took place, ex-Sheriff Hanchett emerged from the jail cell room and went into Sheriff Matson's private office. In a couple of minutes he came out bearing in his arms the ropes with which the Reds were to be hanged.

Shortly after this Deputy Sheriff Curran, who had been guarding Fischer, came into the jail office from the cell room. He reported that all the men were awake and talking on general subjects to their guards.

PUTTING UP THE SCAFFOLD.

The erection of the scaffold began at 10:15 o'clock. The first intimation that the newspaper men had of it was the falling of a heavy board. Then came blows of hammers, and each one was distinctly heard in the dead quiet which prevailed. The gallows was put up in the northeast corridor of the jail, where for many years all Cook county hangings have taken place. The scaffold is the same used in the hanging of the three Italian murderers, but it has been lengthened, for the purpose of swinging off the four Anarchists at once. It is painted a dead brown color.

Shortly after 7 o'clock Sheriff Matson came to the jail. His mission was twofold. He wanted to give personal notice to Spies, Engel, Fischer and Parsons that they would have to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. He also wanted to see that his deputies were so placed that all unauthorized people should be kept from the vicinity. The sheriff stayed in the cell room about twenty minutes. He would only say that none of the condemned men showed any signs of breaking down. It was at 7:25 o'clock that the Rev. Dr. Bolton, of the First Methodist Church, called on Parsons. His visit lasted about three minutes, and his efforts to get Parsons to consider spiritual matters were of no avail.

Then supper was brought in from a neighboring restaurant. All of the Anarchists partook of cream toast. Fischer indulged in steak and Engel ate some mutton chops. All took coffee.

After the suppers were brought in the undertaker who was to take charge of Lingg's remains came. Next was borne in Lingg's coffin. It was made of pine and stained a walnut color. The undertaker and his assistants placed the remains in the coffin, and it was decided to allow it to remain in the jail all night.

At 8:10 o'clock Spies, Fischer and Engel were taken from the rooms in which they had bade farewell to their relatives and consigned to their cells. These



REPORTERS OFF WITH THE NEWS.

were soon closely guarded. An armed deputy stood in front of each barred door. Inside the cell of each prisoner was a lantern, while a table was placed outside and on this was a lamp, thus giving the guards an opportunity to watch the movements of each prisoner.

SPIES CRIES LIKE A BABY.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10.

The news of the Governor's decision was brought to the jail soon after 6 o'clock. Old Mr. Osborne, the white-haired death watch, undertook to break it to the men. He went to Schwab's cell first, and having good news did not hesitate to tell it bluntly.

"Mr. Schwab," he said, "the Governor has commuted your sentence to imprisonment for life."

Schwab was sitting by his table in his favorite attitude, with his head resting on his hand. He looked up at Mr. Osborne for a moment and his sallow face flushed a little, but he said nothing, and took no other notice of the announcement.

Fielden was reading a paper in his cell. He simply glanced up a moment and then went on reading without paying a particle of attention to what Mr. Osborne was saying. The old man went on to the next cell, where August Spies was walking nervously up and down.

"There is bad news for you, Mr. Spies. The Governor has refused to commute your sentence."

Spies grew very pale at the first word and sank down upon his bed.

"My God, is that so," he moaned, holding his hands to his head. "Is there no hope? It is awful, awful to die." So he shook his frame and tears came running down his face. He sat there moaning and crying, all the bravado, all the recklessness of life, all the readiness to die that he had talked about so long went to the winds in an instant. The man who assured Gov. Oglesby a few days ago that he was ready to be hanged for all the others, the man who vowed to tell his howling hearers over and over that death was nothing if by dying they could secure the death of a bloodhound of the law, sat on his bed and cried like a child when he knew that death was within a few hours of him. The old death-watch left him crying and went down the first tier to tell the others.

Fischer received the news without saying a word or moving a muscle. Old man Engel shivered a little but said nothing. Parsons sat with his chair tilted back and his feet on his bed, and did not change his position or look around while Mr. Osborne spoke. It was evident that Parsons, Engel and Fischer had nerved themselves to their fate and fully expected it.

But it was also clear that Spies had hoped that his part in the tragedy would be forgiven because he had asked for forgiveness. It is evident that Parsons, Fischer, and probably Engel, will go to the scaffold without a tremor. It looks very much as though Spies would break down. He had regained his self-possession at 10 o'clock, but after his unexpected show of

CONTINUED ON PAGE SIX.



SADIE MARTINOT.

THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG ACTRESS WHO WAS ONCE DION BOUCICAULT'S FAVORITE LEADING LADY.



BOILED IN TAR.

JOSEPH DONALDSON OF LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, FALLS INTO A BLAZING KETTLE OF PITCH.



SHE SAVED THE CHILD.

MRS. MARION MCGREGOR RESCUES A COLORED BABY FROM A FIRE NEAR ATLANTA, GA.



HE PINCHES WOMEN.

A MYSTERIOUS CRANK CAUSES THE LADIES OF DETROIT A GOOD DEAL OF UNEASINESS BY HIS FAMILIARITIES.



FERDINANDO GAVANETTI,

THE WICKED ITALIAN WHO SHOT DOWN MRS. ALICE LEWIS IN THE MOST COLD-BLOODED MANNER AT EVANSVILLE, IND.



MRS. HODEL,

THE VICTIM OF HER HUSBAND'S CRAZY JEALOUSY WHO WAS KILLED WITH HER TWO CHILDREN, WILLIMANTIC, CONN.



JOHN HODEL,

WHO SLAUGHTERED HIS WIFE, SMOTHERED HIS TWO CHILDREN AND SET FIRE TO HIS HOUSE, WILLIMANTIC, CONN.



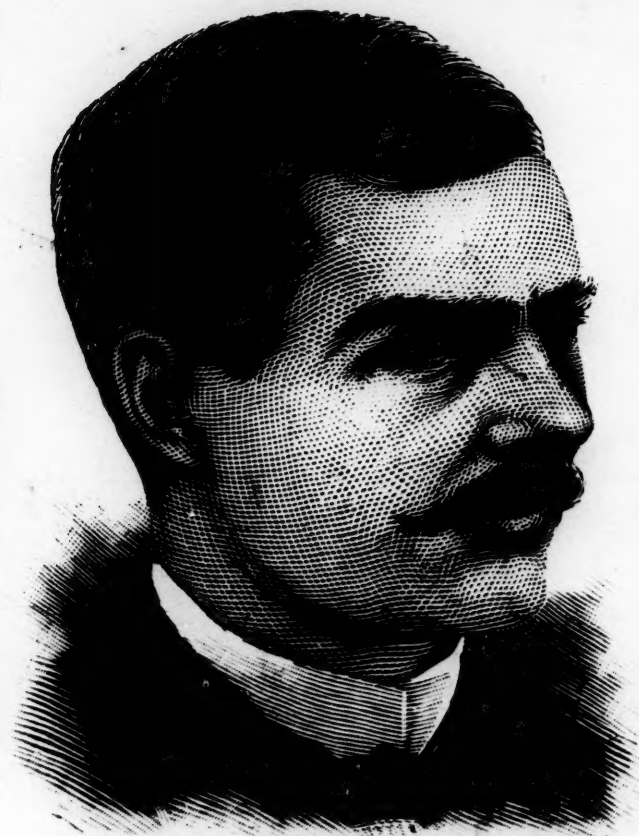
ONE MORE.

ANOTHER HELPLESS VICTIM OF THE FIENDISH HELL HOLES WHICH THRIVE IN THE LUMBER CAMPS OF HURLEY, WIS.



MACEY WARNER,

THE NOTORIOUS CROOK WHO MURDERED HIS FELLOW CONVICT FRANK HARRIS, NOW ON TRIAL, JEFFERSONVILLE, KY.



JOSEF FISCHER,

THE YOUNG AUSTRIAN WHO WAS MURDERED BY ANTOINE WERNER IN A CRAZY FIT OF JEALOUSY, AT Poughkeepsie, N. Y.



ANTOINE WERNER,

THE BIGAMIST AND SLAYER OF HIS FELLOW-COUNTRYMAN JOSEF FISCHER AT Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

ALL OVER!

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE.)

weakness to-night the jail officials have little idea that he will be firm to-morrow.

At midnight none of the prisoners were asleep, but they were very quiet. They will not be aroused until 8 o'clock to-morrow morning if they should care to sleep so long.

THE FINDING OF THE BOMBS.

CHICAGO, Nov. 8.

Tuesday morning about 8:45 o'clock Deputy Sheriff John Egan found four dynamite bombs in Louis Lingz's cell. Lingz was immediately taken to cell 11, on the floor below. A further search of the cell failed to reveal anything else of a sensational character. One bomb was concealed under a pile of papers, and beside it lay a box eight inches long and four wide. An inspection of the box revealed three more bombs similar to the first one found. They were all capped and supplied with fuses, and were made of three-quarter inch gas-pipe. The deadly missiles were conveyed to Jailer Folz and by him to Sheriff Matson, who conveyed them to a place of safety where their contents could be investigated.

The cells of the other anarchists were immediately searched. Nothing of a destructive nature, however, was discovered. Nevertheless, Fielden and Schwab were alone permitted to return to their quarters in "murderers' row," all the others being placed in a tier of cells below. Lingz was placed in cell 11, where his every movement can be observed by the officers on duty at the jail.

It is suspected that Eda Miller, known as "Lingz's girl" is Lingz's accomplice in the bomb-making. She has been in the habit of passing cigars and letters through the iron casing, it is said, without the preliminary routine inspection. She will not be permitted to communicate with the bomb-maker any more, unless it be once on November 11.

Another object of solicitude attention from the jail officials was Engel. At about 11:30 o'clock Emil Zoenner, who is on the death-watch, discovered Engel in a state of spasmodic stupor, his eyes dilated and his face flushed. Dr. Gray, from the insane ward, was forthwith summoned, and diagnosed the case as one of poisoning. Skillful ministrations on the part of the doctor brought the man out of danger. Engel maintained that he had only taken whisky, but later revelations proved that he had drunk laudanum. An ounce-bottle containing three or four drops of laudanum was



MRS. FISCHER STOPS SHERIFF MATSON.

found in his cell, but no clue as to whence it came could be obtained.

In speaking of the case Dr. Gray said:

"I have reason to believe that Engel took the drug in three doses. The trouble with him was that he took too much, and, in taking it in separate doses, he lessened its effect somewhat. It may be, too, that the laudanum was weakened by age. If he had taken half the bottle at once and not repeated it it is probable that he would be a dead man now. I shall watch him for a day or two to see that death does not still ensue."

Mrs. Parsons was met coming out of the jail by a reporter, who asked her what she thought of the find.

"The police put those bombs in Lingz's cell, I tell you," was her answer. "Why, how in the world could Lingz get bombs in there? The story is too gauzy. The police put the bombs where they were found."

As Sheriff Matson was leaving the jail court by the west door he came face to face with Mrs. Fischer, who carried a basketful of good things for her husband. Her little daughter accompanied her, but the guard at the gate pushed them back and said they couldn't enter. The woman raised her eyes appealingly to the sheriff, but he brushed past her and was about to step into his buggy when a hand was laid on his arm and he was asked if it was the order not to admit any of the relatives.

"Yes, sir," he replied firmly. "They've got no business in there now."

"Will you let any one see those bombs?"

"No, sir; not now."

"Where are they?"

"That's my business."

"Did you examine them?"

"I did, and they're full of dynamite."

The sheriff was about to drive off when another question was launched at him.

"Mr. Matson, a great many people believe that the finding of those bombs was all a hoax. They consider it a huge fish story."

"Well, they wouldn't if they saw them as I did," he replied, giving his horse a crack. "They are regular gas-pipe bombs." Then he drove off.

Mrs. Fischer was compelled to lug her basket home again.

Inside the jail there is a marked difference from the appearance of things last week. At 9 o'clock, the usual hour for recreation, there were no mothers, wives or sweethearts in the cage waiting for the prisoners, and no prisoners came down into the corridors either. Lingz, Engel, Fischer and Parsons occupy cells on the first floor, where the officers can observe what they are about. Spies is in the cell adjoining his old one, while Schwab and Fielden have not been changed.

The finding of the bombs was not known to the other condemned with Lingz until late at night. Then Sheriff Matson himself told Spies. The death watch reports that it made a decided sensation among the men.

To use his own words: "They are absolutely sick over it. I never saw Spies look so badly as he did this morning. He, Schwab and Fielden, who are the only ones under my care now, had begun to think they would receive mercy. Their hopes are now gone. Spies said he felt as if it was all up with him. 'The public will turn against us now,' he said, 'and clamor for our execution. I always thought Lingz was crazy, and now I'm sure of it. He isn't like us at all. He is cranky, crazy and would do anything. The finding of those

lice were fully able to cope with any disturbance. He pointed to the roof of the jail, which was literally studded with officers armed with repeating rifles.

"When I get to Heaven, I'll put in a good word for Bill Stobie" (one of the guards), said Fischer to his death watch. Stobie has been very kind to the condemned man. Fischer continued talking gaily with his guard.

Spies lit another cigar and also talked to his keeper. He exhibited signs of nervousness. He received a let-



SPIES BREAKS DOWN.

bombs is a sorry thing for us."

The report of the attempted suicide of Engel last Saturday night is even discredited by his physician, who thought he detected the fumes of whisky rather than opiates. To-day, however, Engel makes the confession that he meant to take his life. The story is that he had not only swallowed laudanum, but in addition took sixteen morphine pills Friday night. The jail physician was amazed at this intelligence, but understood why they proved ineffectual when Engel said he had the pills ever since he was brought to the jail. That was exactly a year and a half ago yesterday, and long since then the pills ceased to have any active power. Engel said he swallowed the sixteen at one gulp last Friday night and walked his cell all day Saturday, expecting at any moment to fall down. When it grew toward night and the morphine had no effect he resolved to take the laudanum. After his friends left in the evening he poured out six or seven teaspoonfuls of the poison and tossed it off. The doctor thinks the stuff was purchased in some cheap drug store, and that in consequence it was adulterated and a very poor article of its kind. That is why the laudanum didn't take effect, for if the drug were of the right quality half the quantity Engel swallowed would have been enough to kill him. The old man was made drowsy by the poison and that was all, and his loud breathing was what led to the discovery. At first he said he had been drinking whisky, but a single glance at the pupils of the man's eyes was enough to convince the doctor he had swallowed opium in some form. Coffee was given him and he was made to exert himself and move about. The primary effect, such as it was, soon passed off, and left the would-be suicide a little bit dazed. This forenoon he was sleepy and confused, but withal a bit talkative. When he found further concealment was useless he told why he wanted to die. He'd rather die, he said, than go to the penitentiary for life, and he'd rather go off by way of poison than the route ordained by the law. He didn't think he had a fair trial. The old man said he had made only three speeches, and what he seemed to regret most was that he had not made thirty

ter and Parsons a dispatch. Engel walked up and down his cell. He was offered some stimulants, but refused it.

By 10:45 all of the men were composed except Parsons, who Dr. Myers says, was slightly nervous, but otherwise all right.

INSIDE THE JAIL.

CHICAGO, Nov. 11.—Inside the corridor were ranged the cells where the condemned men were sleeping their last sleep. All was as still as death. The death watch, in slippers, moved slowly up and down, stopping and ever anon to peer through the four barred doors and see that all was right. It was a welcome relief to the oppressive stillness when the telegraph instrument, which was located in the lawyers' cage, within a dozen feet of the cell in which Parsons was confined, began its "click," "click," "click."

Outside in the jail office, where the jailers, bailiffs and turnkeys, who had been sitting up through the night, were watching for the break of the eventful day, the air was hot and foul. Everybody moved on tiptoe and spoke in whispers as though the slightest noise might penetrate the thick walls and arouse the sleepers.

FISCHER SINGS THE MARSEILLAISE.

When Sheriff Matson came out he stated that all the condemned had written letters to the members of their families and other friends which had been entrusted to him for personal delivery.

Deputy Sheriff Gleason hurriedly entered the office with a letter, which he passed to Spies. The superscription was in a feminine hand. He read it without a movement of his facial muscles. All this time none but representatives of the press had been admitted to the jail office.

The tickets of admission notified the holders to present themselves at the Illinois street entrance at 10 o'clock, but in order that the reporters—and there were nearly one hundred of them—should not be crowded, it was decided to keep the holders of the general tickets in the jail yard until the moment for the

The voice was that of Fischer, and he was standing at his cell door singing the Marseillaise with all the strength of his powerful lungs. There was a smile upon his face, not one of cynicism, but a hearty, open-faced smile, as that of a man who was entering heart and soul into the sentiment of the words he was singing. He sang two stanzas of Rouget de Lisle's famous song of the French Revolution and then subsided.

None of his comrades joined in the chorus, although the faces of Parsons and Spies brightened up, and they listened intently until the notes had died away. Schwab, who many a time in days gone by had joined in the chorus at the meetings in the International, was considerably exercised by the episode, and paced up and down his cell with energy.

THEIR LAST MEAL AND TOILET.

Sheriff Matson arrived at 6 o'clock. There was a look of intense anxiety upon his face, and it was plain to be seen that he fully realized the terrible responsibility which in a few hours would fall to his lot. He made his way through the crowded room to the inner corridor, joined the death watch and paced up and down with him for several minutes. Satisfied that all was well he retired again and closeted himself with Jailer Folz in the private office of the latter.

A moment later Fischer awoke with a start. He yawned, rubbed his eyes, looked up at the daylight that was now creeping in through the skylights, sprang lightly from his cot and commenced to dress. There was a sullen look upon his face, and he only grunted when the death watch wished him a cheery good morning.

Almost at the same moment Engel and Spies awoke. Engel at once arose from his bunk. Spies, however, stretched his arms and lay a moment as if thinking. Parsons sat up upon the edge of his cot and gazed at the opposite wall of his cell. Then he sighed in a sad and weary way and slowly arose.

Fischer expressed a desire to wash himself, and, guarded by six turnkeys, he was taken to the faucet at the further end of the cage, where for months the condemned men have held daily levees with their friends and relatives.

As he emerged from the cell he stood still for a moment and looked in a strange, inquiring way at the telegraph instrument, which at that moment was sending his every movement throughout the country.

When he had reached the stationary wash-stand he turned the faucet with a sharp jerk, plunged his hands into the water and besprinkled his face and neck. Then he rubbed himself briskly with a towel, surveyed himself in the glass and indicated with a nod to his keepers that he was ready to return.

As the key turned upon him the door of Spies' cell was thrown open and the arch-conspirator stepped out. His face was as pale as death, but there was a look



COFFINING THE BODY OF LINGZ.

of bravado upon his countenance, and as he stood there with his head planted firmly upon his shoulders and his eyes looking straight into those of the tall man before him it was evident that he was making a strong and determined effort to bear himself bravely to the end. He wished the guards good morning in an easy manner, and then, following Fischer's example, walked over to the other end of the corridor and washed himself.

After he had finished his ablutions and had been again locked up, Engel and Parsons were brought out in turn and given an opportunity to clean themselves. They manifested a firmness of demeanor, but said nothing in response to the questions of the keepers regarding how they felt. Parsons, however, asked for a hair brush, and one was furnished him from the matron's quarters. He brushed his hair carefully, and with the brief remark, "That's all," turned on his heel toward his cell.

At 7 o'clock the food which had been ordered was brought in and taken to the cells. All had ordered beef-steak, coffee, bread and butter, but Parsons, who had expressed a desire for raw oysters, fried eggs and milk toast. All of them ate heartily. Parsons especially cleared everything before him and asked for a plate of fried oysters. They were quickly procured and as quickly put out of sight. When the prisoners had finished their last meal a touching letter of farewell, signed by Fielden and Schwab, part being in the handwriting of each man, was brought down stairs by a big turnkey. It was first passed into Spies, then in turn to Parsons, Engel and Fischer.

CLAMORING FOR A MURDERER.

A special from Denison, Tex., November 8, says: Officers brought in John Hogan, the negro who murdered Deputy United States Marshal John Carlton of Hackett, Ark., in this city on last Friday afternoon. He was captured in Fort Worth and brought to this city. At Whitesboro a United States marshal tried to shoot Hogan, but was prevented by the officers having him in charge. He was taken to the Colonnade Hotel, where a large crowd surrounded him and excitement ran high. A railroad man by the name of J. K. Murphy caught Hogan by the collar and tried to pull him out of the buggy. It looked for a while as though the mob would lynch him, but so many special officers guarded him that the effort failed, and Hogan was taken to the Sherman jail. All the time Hogan was laughing and speaking with those he knew, and was not frightened in the least. He remarked: "If they would give me a chance I would kill several more."

CATARH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.



MRS. PARSONS FAINTS.

or three hundred speeches when he found he was to be hanged for speech-making. Asked how long he had had the laudanum, he answered: "Oh, a long time," but he wouldn't tell how he got it or who gave it to him.

ANXIOUS SHERIFF'S OFFICERS.

CHICAGO, Nov. 11.

Deputy Sheriff Gleason called Captain Bonfield aside early this morning and asked him anxiously about the crowds on the outside and the probability of trouble. The captain replied that all was quiet and that the po-

execution arrived. This arrangement was an admirable one for the newspapers, who at previous executions in this building have been compelled to perform their duties under great difficulties.

It was not relished, however, by other visitors who stood and shivered in the cold air and stamped their feet to keep the blood in circulation.

Two telegraph dispatches were taken to Parsons. Just as the dispatches had been taken in the sound of singing in a guttural voice broke upon the ears of those gathered in the office. In an instant all was still as death.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

Samples of Man's Duplicity
and Woman's Worse
Than Weakness.



Thomas Reilly.

Thomas Reilly, alias Roy, is one of the most desperate characters in the crooked world. He was recently arrested for burglary at Evansville, Ind., by the clever Superintendent George W. Newitt's trap, who had him collared at Elyria, Ohio, some twenty-five miles from Cleveland. Sheriff Pounds started after Reilly and got him as far as Versailles. When the train was going at the rate of forty miles an hour, the burglar made a dash and jumped from the lightning train, handcuffed, at the darkest hour of midnight, making good his escape, which was one of the most daring on record. The sheriff offers a liberal reward for his capture.

BOILED IN TAR.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

A special from Louisville, Ky., Oct. 31, says: Joseph Donaldson, a laborer, while covering the roof of a cottage on Linden square with tar and gravel, was seized with an epileptic fit while leaning over a kettle filled with boiling tar, and pitched in head foremost. He plunged down in the tar up to his shoulders and was powerless to extricate himself. He made no noise as he fell in, and no one saw him. For fully two minutes he lay with his head in the boiling mass, and with his legs and body kicking about and writhing horribly. His struggles finally attracted the attention of a man on the roof, who clambered down a ladder to his rescue. He was literally boiled alive in the tar.

A YOUNG GIRL'S STORY.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

A special from Duluth, Minn., October 31, says: Mary Schuman, a good-looking girl of nineteen, living near Streator, Ill., passed through Duluth to-day on her way to Chicago. She was decoyed to Hurley, Wis., a week ago on promise of a job in a restaurant, was met there Wednesday by a man named Frank, who took her to a dance house. He and his assistant and two old hags stripped her of every stitch of clothing and led her into the dance room where she was insulted by drunken men and abandoned women. Finally she was led back to the room where her clothes were and outraged. Her persecutor took away her clothes and left her to be violated by another rough. The next day she was given clothing far too scant for decency, and though not again outraged was submitted to every insult and indignity. She managed to hide away clothing enough and Friday made her escape. She spent the night in the woods, reached Ashland Sunday, was given food by trainmen and brought to Duluth, and a Chicago traveling man gave her a ticket to Chicago. She looks like a good girl, who has suffered all she told, and is half dazed by her terrible experience.

A "PINCHER" OF WOMEN.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

A special from Detroit, Nov. 1, says: A woman living on Croghan street complained to the police to-day that while going to a drug store for some medicine late at night a man jumped out of an alley and caught hold of her. She screamed, but the fellow drowned her cries by holding his hand over her mouth. He then pinched her arms and other parts of her body. After making two or three black and blue spots with his fingers he suddenly threw her from him and darted off with a laugh, which the woman declared sounded "like the screech of an evil spirit." The "pincher" was described as a young man wearing a gray suit of clothes. He was of dark complexion, and his face was covered with a stubby beard.

The residents of this vicinity are full of the exploits of the "pincher." They say he has assaulted no less than a dozen women who have ventured out on the streets during the past week. He has thus thrown the neighborhood into a state of terror. The men are up in arms, and talk of giving the fellow a taste of lynch law if they catch him. The police are inclined to consider the terrorizer as a creature of imagination. There seems to be some grounds for the rumors that are afloat, however, but the women who have suffered from the strong fingers of the "pincher" are slow about admitting it.

MURDERED IN COURT.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

A special from Cleveland, Ohio, Oct. 30, says: The murder of Editor and Lawyer Reynolds at Nankin, Ashland county, yesterday, a brief account of which was telegraphed at the time, was one of the most sensational crimes ever committed in the State.

The Mason Brothers, prominent citizens of that community and of good reputation, were implicated in a lawsuit over a note. Reynolds was counsel for the opposing side, and there had been enmity between

Reynolds and the Masons for years, and one of the latter had recently sued him for libel.

During the trial yesterday, while James R. Mason, the plaintiff was on the witness stand, an altercation arose between C. D. Mason and R. M. Campbell, another one of the lawyers, in which Mason said Campbell was not a gentleman.

Reynolds then broke in, saying: "We'll see who are gentlemen here."

C. D. Mason exclaimed: "You — —, we won't listen to anything from you."

"What's that?" said Reynolds, springing to his feet.

Mason sprang up also and seized a chair, attempting to strike Reynolds with it. Reynolds caught the rung of the chair with his left hand and struck Mason with his cane held in his right hand.

The first blow fell on Mason's shoulder and the second on his head, cutting a gash and staggering him.

At this juncture James N. Mason, who sat in the witness chair, jumped to his feet and, drawing a 38-calibre Smith & Wesson revolver from his hip pocket, leveled it at Reynolds and fired two shots. The first struck him in the right breast, and either of the two shots would have been fatal.

Mason was with difficulty protected from being lynched.

MIKE BODEN.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

Michael J. Boden, a promising young heavy-weight pugilist of Philadelphia, Pa., was born in Canada in August, 1867, and is therefore a few months over nineteen years of age. He stands 5 feet 7½ inches tall, and in condition tips the beam at 175 pounds. His first essay as a glove fighter was at the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, Jan. 27, 1886, when he attempted to stay four rounds with Jack Burgess for a purse of \$25 offered by the management. In the first round Boden knocked Burgess out of time and the referee sent both men to their corners before the three minutes had expired. During the remaining three rounds Boden hit Burgess when and where he chose, and kept him dazed and groggy throughout. At the same place, Feb. 8, 1886, Boden accepted an offer of \$25 to meet Pete McCoy for four rounds. Boden made a wonderful showing and was the fresher man, it is claimed, at the end of the fourth round, when the referee, Mike Cleary, declared the bout a draw. At the same place, Feb. 13, 1886, Boden whipped Jack White, a heavy-weight, in four rounds. At the same place, Feb. 25, 1886, Boden defeated Jack Loughlin, a heavy-weight, in four rounds.

At Mount Pleasant Station, Montgomery county, Pa., May 5, 1886, Boden defeated Fatty Langtry, the heavy-weight, in a fight to a finish, with hard gloves weighing less than one ounce. Six sharply contested rounds were fought, when Langtry's second cried "enough," and the referee gave the fight to Boden.

At Clark's Olympic Club, Philadelphia, Pa., June 23, 1886, Boden defeated Bob Caffrey, winner of the gold medal for the championship of New Jersey, in a five-round contest.

At Arthur Chambers' Champions' Rest, Philadelphia, July 11, 1886, Boden again met Bob Caffrey. In the second round Boden knocked Caffrey down by a left-handed cross-counter, and in the same round knocked him out. Referee Mike Lucie gave the fight to Boden. At the same place, Aug. 7, 1886, Boden fought a draw with Billy Gabig, the Mysterious Boxer. At the same place, Sept. 11, 1886, Boden defeated Jack McCauley in three rounds.

At Clark's Olympic Club, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 30, 1886, Boden knocked out John McVey, champion heavy-weight of Trenton, N. J., in the first round.

At Arthur Chambers' "Champion's Rest," Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 4, 1886, Boden defeated Jack Hart, heavy-weight of Philadelphia.

At the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 11, 1886, Boden fought a draw with the St. Joe Kid, L. E. McGregory. In the first three rounds Boden had the best of it. In the last round the "Kid" gained his second wind and got in three upper cuts on Boden. This, in the opinion of the referee, Mike Cleary, made the fight a draw, though Boden was the fresher man of the two.

At Clark's Olympic Club, Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 15, 1886, Boden knocked out Fat Dean, the "Australian Wonder." In the second round Boden knocked the "Wonder" through the ropes twice, and in the third round put him to sleep in the centre of the stage with a couple of his heavy left-handed blows.

At the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 22, 1886, Boden fought a draw with Frank Herald. It was pronounced the best fight ever seen at this theatre, and after four hotly contested rounds was declared a draw.

At the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 6, 1886, Boden stayed 4 rounds with John P. Clow, the champion of the West.

INDICTED FOR TRAIN ROBBERY.

A special from El Paso, Tex., Nov. 7, says: The Grand Jury at Tucson, Ariz., a few days ago found a true bill against "Doc" Smart, of El Paso, for train robbery and mail robbery at Papago, Ariz., on April 27. Smart was apprehended and jailed last night, in El Paso, by Deputy Marshal Robert Ross, and carried back to Arizona this evening, waiving requisition papers. Smart has worked for some months in El Paso, in a powder factory, and was seriously injured some two months ago by a premature explosion. He claims to be entirely innocent, and that he can prove an alibi. He was when arrested on the point of going to Mexico, as he said, on business for the powder company that he had been working for.

CAUGHT IN A CAVE.

A special from Lincoln, Neb., November 8, says: This city has a new thing to talk about. The police force was notified that a gang of young hoodlums ranging from 10 to 16 years of age had excavated a cave near the east coal shaft where they lived in high style and disturbed the neighborhood with their orgies. A police raid was made on the place Sunday morning, and the officers found they had run into a hornets' nest. The young ruffians, to the number of twenty, made a desperate resistance, using lumps of coal, coupling-pins, clubs and other miscellaneous weapons. Every officer on the force was more or less disabled, but after a desperate fight, in which they used their clubs, finally captured five of the gang and lodged them in jail. The cave was nicely fitted up, lined and ceiled with boards, heated by stoves, and was evidently intended as a receptacle for stolen goods.

JAILED IN TIME.

A special from Dallas Centre, Texas, Nov. 7, says: Another horse thief has barely escaped the sentence of Judge Lynch. The citizens of our little town were considerably excited this afternoon when our efficient marshal, John Lloyd, brought into town Sam Austin

whom he arrested one mile west of Dallas Centre on a charge of horse stealing. The thief had in his possession the fine gray mare which he had taken from the pasture of John Shoeman, three and one-half miles southeast of town. He was driving a sorrel horse hitched to a top buggy, in which was found three whips, one set of single harness, one set of double harness and some frozen apples.

The thief was given a hearing before Squire Smith, and was bound over for further trial. He was taken to Adel to be confined in the county jail.

About fifteen minutes after the prisoner had been started for the county jail a vigilance committee of some six or eight men from Shoeman's neighborhood came into town armed and resolved to visit vengeance upon the thief, and had he been here no doubt there would have been trouble.

MARRIED IN JAIL.

A special from Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 8, says: Recorder Hinde this morning granted a marriage license to James W. Billingsley, now under sentence for assault with intent to kill, and Miss Emma Nortrip. Billingsley was brought from his cell in the Second street jail handcuffed, and made an affidavit of his age, etc. Immediately afterward Justice Worthen was requested to marry them. The justice became indignant, and said he would not perform the ceremony. "The parties," said he, "are in no condition to marry, as Billingsley cannot become a husband nor Miss Nortrip a wife until after Billingsley has served out his sentence. He is to all intents and purposes dead to society."

Notwithstanding this rebuff, Miss Nortrip and her mother remained in the marshal's office while a messenger was dispatched to find some one who would marry them. After waiting some little time, mother and daughter left disgusted. Mrs. Nortrip, the mother, said to Marshal McGowan that if Mary could not marry Billingsley in this city she would go to Jefferson City, and if the officers there would not allow the marriage to take place, she would live in Jefferson City until Billingsley served out his sentence. When the mother and daughter left the marshal's office they did not intend to give up their intention of getting some one to perform the ceremony. They went to the office of Justice Thomas King, and after much solicitation he agreed to marry the couple. At 3:30 o'clock Justice King accompanied the mother and daughter to the Second street jail.

Deputy Marshal Liggett cleared a space in the corridor of the jail and invited all the officials of the Criminal Court and Recorder's office to witness the ceremony, which was performed in impressive style by the Justice. Mrs. Billingsley rushed into her husband's arms and sobbed violently, and then mother and daughter embraced each other. Billingsley's handcuffs were removed during the ceremony. Billingsley goes up for five years for shooting Chas. M. Clark, and Miss Nortrip was ready to be married once before, on the day Billingsley was sentenced, but Judge White, of the Criminal Court, would not perform the ceremony.

WAR OF RACES IN TROY.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

A special from Troy, N. Y., October 31, 1887, says: A street fight between two women, one white and the other colored, attracted an immense crowd on Broadway this evening. The contestants were Minnie Nelligan nee Moore, the daughter of a millionaire, mill-owner in Cohoes, and Malvina Gilbert, the colored maid. They came to Troy in a swell turn-out on a shopping excursion, but before proceeding to business entered a restaurant and drank freely of champagne. Afterward in a dry goods store they quarreled, and on reaching the street came to blows. They were rolling in the gutter when arrested.

Minnie Moore is the girl who created a great sensation about two years ago by eloping with Thomas alias "Dude" Nelligan, who is now employed as a lock tender. After the marriage her father forbade her his house, and it is only a short time ago that she was induced to leave her husband and return home.

A SENSATIONAL BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.

A special from Los Angeles, Cal., November 7, says: Louise C. Perkins has re-opened her suit against E. J. Baldwin, better known as "Lucky" Baldwin, the California millionaire. Louise brought suit for breach of promise of marriage against the rich speculator, and when the case came up for hearing last August Baldwin's attorney moved to have it dismissed on the ground that it had been amicably settled out of court. Documents were produced showing that for the sum of \$12,000 Miss Perkins had agreed to compromise the suit and release Baldwin from all claims or damages. Miss Perkins now declares that Baldwin's agents induced her to believe that her own attorney had been won over to Baldwin's side of the case and was secretly negotiating a settlement dictated by Baldwin. Under these circumstances she accepted the \$12,000. Discovering afterward that she had been duped into this settlement, she applied for a motion for a continuance of the case, which was granted. These later developments have not only re-awakened but notably enhanced the sensational developments of the suit, and extraordinary interest is again manifested in the proceedings in court.

MACEY WARNER.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

The trial of Macey Warner, the convict murderer, was commenced in the Clark Circuit Court at Jeffersonville, Ky., last week.

On the evening of April 16 of the present year Warner, in the coolest manner possible, cut the throat of a fellow convict, Frank Harris, alias Indianapolis Red, alias Reddy the bum. Both were employed in the shoe-shop at the prison, Warner being a runner, or errand boy, about the place, and Harris a machine hand. Just before the hour of quitting work on the evening of the tragedy Warner walked to the bench of Harris, and, with a knife prepared for the purpose, cut his throat from ear to ear for a fancied insult. Death followed in a short time. Warner bore a bad reputation, and had told McDonald Cheek and other convicts in the shop that he intended to kill Harris.

SAVED THE CHILD.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Mrs. Marion McGregor, residing near Atlanta, Ga., saw a negro shanty in flames and a little child struggling in them. She rushed to the rescue and saved the little one, but sustained serious injury in doing so.

SADIE MARTINOT.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

This charming young actress, posing as Galatea, is portrayed on another page.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who
Find Pictorial Fame in
These Columns.



Sheriff Ashley.

J. H. Ashley is the sheriff of Du Page county, Illinois, who recently brought the notorious crooks, Sullivan and Wyman, to time. He is not only a model official, but also well-known in the Western country for his excellent shooting. He lately shot an exciting match with Budd and Stice for the championship of the world at the Columbus tournament.

Billy Myers.

A capital portrait of Billy Myers appears elsewhere.

Henry Shellenbarger.

This young athlete, of Ashley, Gratiot county, Michigan, is published on another page.

Rover.

This handsome greyhound, owned by J. B. Hetter, of this city, is portrayed on another page.

Ferdinando Gavanetti.

Gavanetti is the wicked Italian who killed Mrs. Alice D. Lewis in cold blood, at Evansville, Ind., recently. The desperate man also attempted to murder the husband of his victim, who escaped with a slight wound.

John Hodel.

John Hodel, a silk weaver, of Williamantic, Conn., while crazy drunk killed his wife with a shot gun, set fire to the house and smothered his two children, aged three and six. The crime is one of the most horrible in the history of Connecticut. It is claimed also that Hodel slaughtered his family because of jealousy of his wife with some certain neighbors who were too familiar with her.

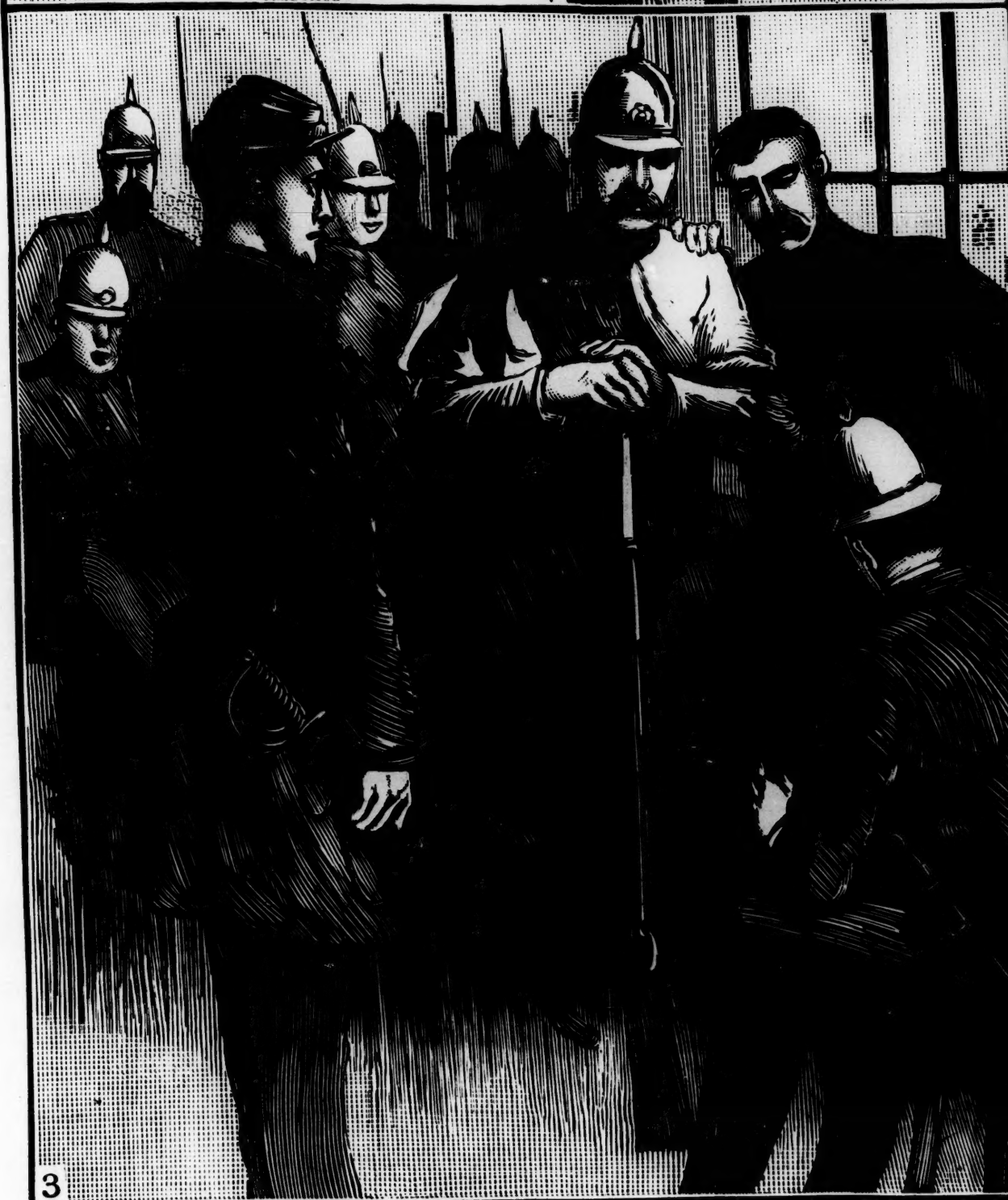
The Werner-Fischer Murder.

Antone Werner, who murdered Josef Fischer at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and is at present confined in the County Jail, was born in Austria. He came to this country in 1884 and resided in Brooklyn for several months. In 1885 he went to Poughkeepsie with Josef Fischer. He is a carriage trimmer, but has not worked at his trade since he came to this country. He married his first wife in Austria in 1878, and in January last he committed bigamy by marrying Anna Loudeck. The latter is at present in the Almshouse, having been found in destitute circumstances. Werner worked at the Upper Furnace for a few months and also at the Rolling Mill. Since his release from jail a few weeks ago, on a charge of bigamy, he claims he could find no work. Werner remains in his cell a greater portion of the time and refuses to talk to any one but his counsel in regard to the murder of Fischer. The defense will probably be insanity, superinduced by jealousy.

A CABINET MAKER'S LUCK.

Some men are born rich, some acquire riches and others have riches thrust upon them. To the latter fortunate class belongs Mr. Charles A. Johnson, who resides at 375 W. Ohio street, Chicago, and who was the lucky holder of one tenth of ticket No. 13,646 which drew the first capital prize of \$150,000 in the October 11th Drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery Company.

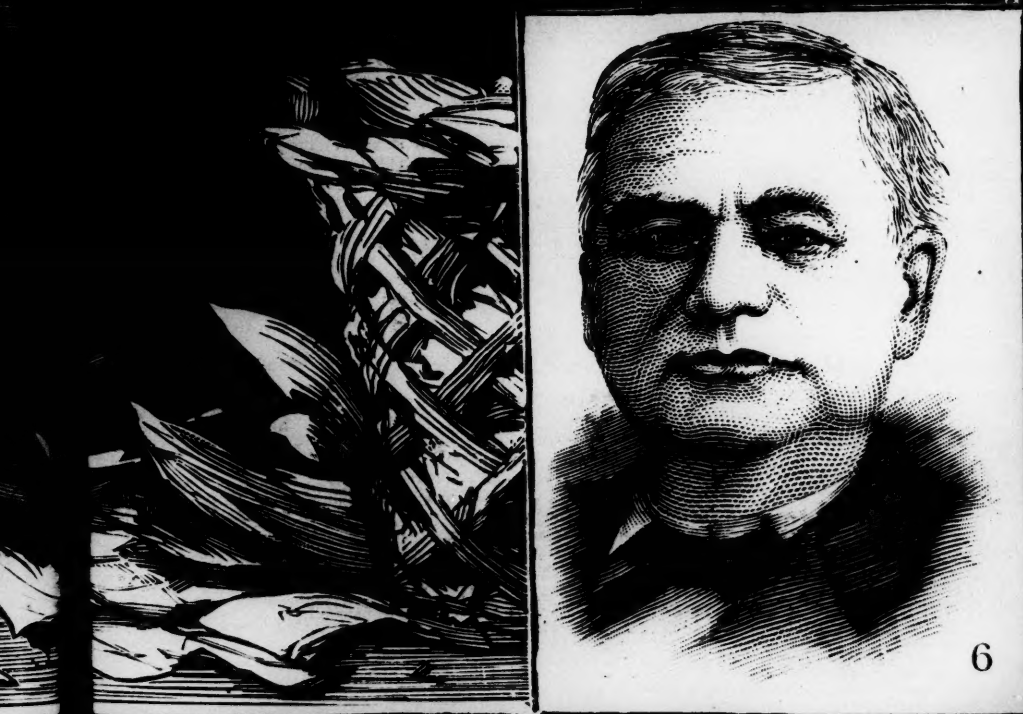
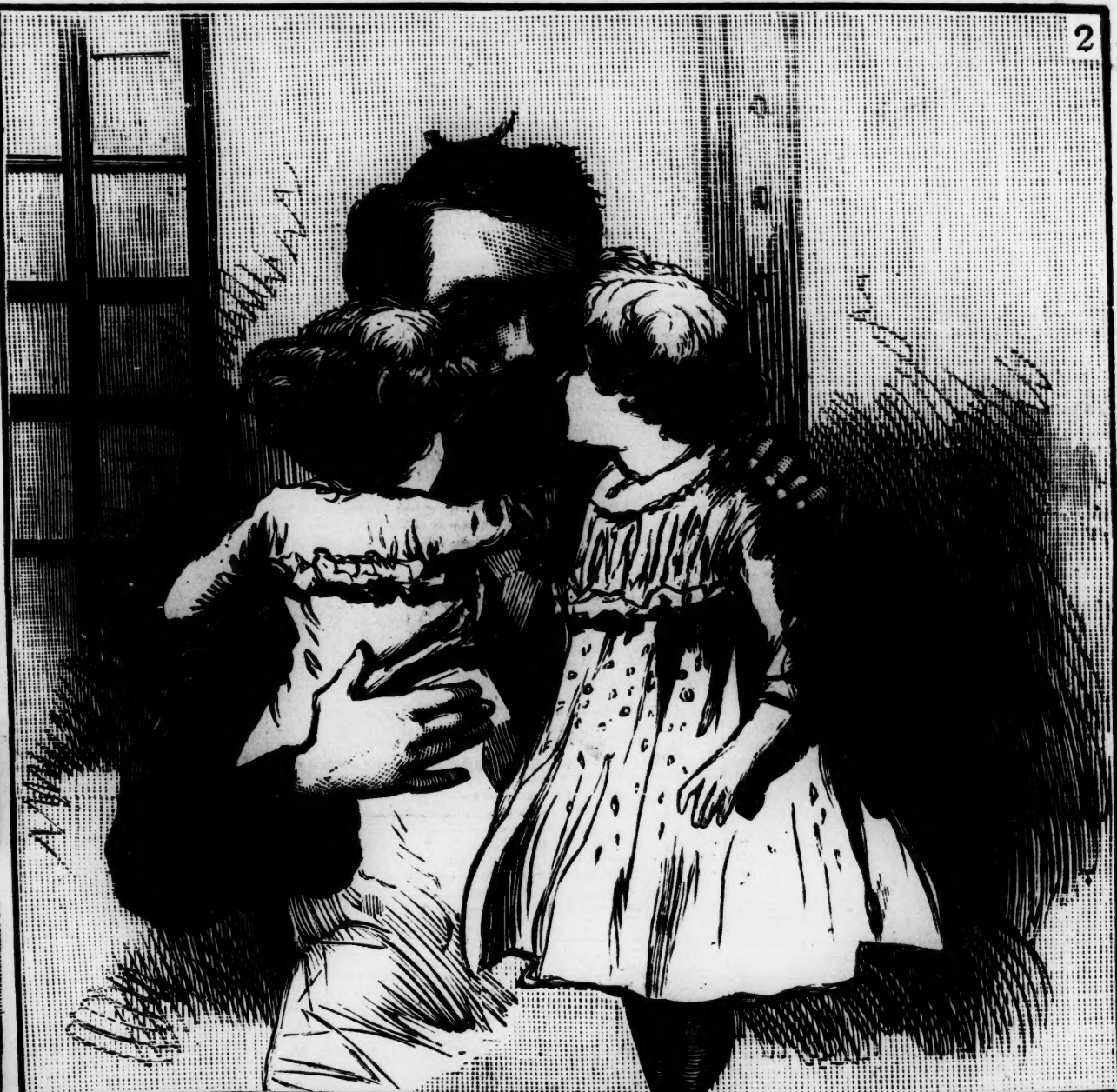
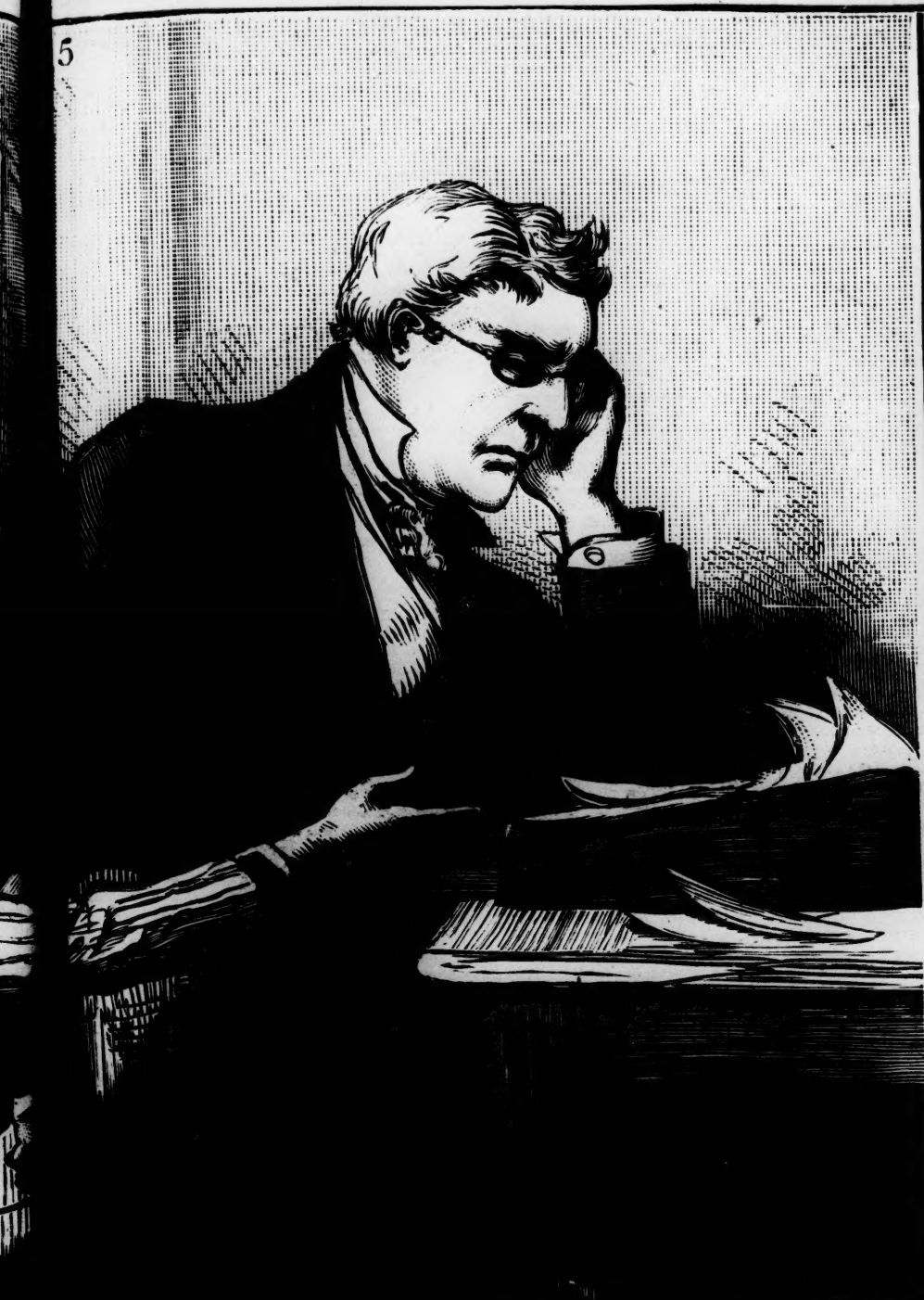
A Traveler reporter, hearing of his good fortune, called upon Mr. Johnson to congratulate him and hear from his own lips the story of his profitable investment. He found Mr. Johnson a very intelligent young Swede, 27 years of age, a cabinet maker by occupation, who six years ago came to America and found employment at his trade in Chicago. Being of sober, frugal and industrious habits, his wages were sufficient to maintain him comfortably, but would not permit of much to be laid aside for a rainy day. Having three times before purchased tickets in the lottery and drawn nothing, his joyful surprise may be imagined when he found that his last investment of one dollar had brought him a return of \$15,000. The money was received by Mr. Johnson through the American Express company on October 21, just ten days after the drawing, and is now deposited to his credit in one of the banks of the city. When questioned regarding the use to which he would put his fortune, Mr. Johnson said: "I shall remain in Chicago and at once build a comfortable house, furnish it elegantly and marry the young lady to whom I have for some time been betrothed. For the present I shall continue at my trade, and later I may engage in business for myself." Mr. Johnson is pleased with the promptness with which the Lottery Company forwarded the amount of his prize, and especially is he delighted that he can now marry and maintain in comfort the lady of his choice. He is a sensible as well as a fortunate young man and will, without doubt, make good use of his suddenly acquired wealth. —Arkansas Traveler, Nov. 5.



SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE CONDEMNED

HOW THE CLOSING ACT OF THE ANARCHY TRAGEDY WAS REHEARSED AND PREPARED

1.—Parsons Says Good-By to His Wife And Children. 2.—Schwab's Farewell to His Little Ones. 3.—Militiamen Awaiting



ANARCHISTS' LAST SHORT DAY ON EARTH.

RED OR IN THE DARK AND DISMAL PRECINCTS OF COOK COUNTY JAIL AND ELSEWHERE.

waiting. 4.—Reading The Death Warrant. 5.—The Women's Appeal to the Governor. 6.—Governor Richard H. Oglesby.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts and Opinions
on Matters of Sport-
ing Interest.

John L. Sullivan, the ex-champion, was tendered a benefit at St. James' Hall, London, on November 9. In a speech he publicly announced that Jim Smith, the English champion, would defeat Jake Kilrain. The speech, the New York Herald correspondent, in a special cable, says, was received icily.

This sentence speaks volumes and goes to show that the English sporting public only place their confidence in champions of the present and not of the past.

There was some capital boxing by English experts, but Sullivan disgusted every American present by making a speech in which he stated that he wished Jim Smith would defeat Jake Kilrain.

One American said: "Sullivan has the Stars and Stripes tied round his waist, and yet he is eager to see Kilrain, who is a native born American, and fighting under the colors Sullivan is, disgracefully beaten."

The show ended by a set-to between Jack Ashton and Sullivan, prior to which Smith and Sullivan exchanged friendly greetings.

Sullivan says: "The entire population of Boston and vicinity have an idea that I am a light of the past, but I will return to this country within one year undisputed champion of the world or die in the attempt." The Boston sporting men have the correct idea.

I understand that Bob Farrell, the well-known boxer, is now running for one of the union depot hotels. Bob is fast breaking up the hotels around the union depot except the one he works for. Bob is a hustler from away back.

It is said that Jack Burke and Patsy Carroll will probably go to Australia by the Maraposa on her next trip from San Francisco. It is Burke's intention to give exhibitions at Honolulu and Auckland en route to Sydney. Australia is not at present a good stopping place for pugilists.

Captain W. H. Daily who comes here the guest of Professor William Clark of the Natatorium tells many a good story at the expense of the veteran professor. "The old man," said the captain, "when at the head of the Olympic Athletic Club, was head and shoulders over any boxer on the Pacific slope. On one occasion, however, Clark met a Tartar. He was a giant in size, a soldier by profession, and he stood at the top of his regiment when it came to exhibitions of athletics or the manly art. He had heard of Clark's ability and he called on the old man and begged him for a go with small gloves."

"The old fellow, ever ready to accommodate all comers, put on the mitts and away they went at it. Clark was head and shoulders over the soldier in science, but the latter weighed a ton and could take any amount of punishment. Usually Clark finished his man in a round or two, but the soldier stayed with him six rounds, and was even then begging for more."

"As the mill progressed word flew about town that Clark had run up against something hard and the boys gathered from all parts of the town to see the go. No one had ever seen such a fight. The soldier had been knocked about until his nose, breast and shirt were painted crimson. He pulled off his shirt, sponged off his face and then went to work as though he had just begun. Clark was also tired and sick of the job, but it would never do to quit."

"Away they slugged and away the crowd cheered. Round followed round and still neither showed any signs of giving in. At last, however, Clark got home on the soldier's jugular, and the latter fell muttering, 'I give in.' Clark at the same moment sank back in his chair and muttered, 'Just in time, for I give out.'"

Kilrain and Smith are to fight their battle for \$10,000, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship of the world on historic ground. The ring which they will enter is to be pitched in Spain on the estate of the Marquis de San Basilio. The Marquis, we are told, is a real old sport. Thirty years ago he was a peddler in Guyanas, Mexico. He made money enough to buy a lieutenant in the army, and was advanced through all the grades to a brigadiership. The republic was knocked out and he became a pauper.

Next he married a widow with \$12,000,000, his only rival having been murdered three weeks prior to the event. The wife had been cook for a Frenchman, who, with her help, discovered a silver mine on his property. Our ex-military peddler and brigadier-general took his wife over to Spain, where she suddenly died, and within the year following two of the children by her first husband followed her to the grave.

A third child left the household and went to England, where he is now in litigation for the property with his stepfather. When the sorrows of this adventurous man was appeased he sought acquaintance at the Court of Queens Isabella, and finding favor in her eyes he was made a Marquis and given a royal estate. He is very fond of out-door sports, and after the fight will accompany the American party back to New York.

I think that the great international hand-ball contest, for the championship of the world and \$2,000 held at this office, between Phil Casey and John Lawlor, the respective champions of Ireland and America, will be a close contest.

I understand the match is to be played on November 22 in this city. Lawlor, the Irish champion, is one of the best in the world. He defeated the American champion in Cork in the first of a series of games, but whether he will be able to keep the lead and win the \$2,000 Richard K. Fox holds and the championship is an open question. The backers of Casey, the American champion are confident he will win.

English pugilists are generally taken from the lower ranks of life, yet by mainly courage, steadiness and good conduct many of them have risen to the top of the tree, and have obtained positions that have rendered them comfortable for life.

Tom Cribb was a collier, Tom Spring a butcher, Ben Caunt a navvy, and last, though not least, Tom Sayers was a bricklayer. Now, no one will deny that these men have obtained more comfortable positions in life than if they had followed their own trades and callings.

The editor of "Bell," in speaking of Tom Spring, after his death, says he was an upright, straightforward fellow, of kindly disposition and generous habits; he could not be but liked by all who knew him, and died deservedly respected. I don't believe one of those heroes ever had a knife or a pistol in his hand.

The following fact may not be uninteresting: When the renowned Tom Hickman (the Gasman), of olden fame, was killed by being thrown out of his gig, the British pugilists to their honor be it spoken, collected upwards of £300 for his widow, and the person who preached his funeral sermon burst out for the consolation of the widow (probably) with an awful harangue on the wickedness of pugilists' lives, and the Gas' in particular, but when asked to subscribe something for the widow he beat a speedy retreat.

I don't deny but that there are disreputable characters among boxers, but I don't believe there is one who would make an attack on a man in a defenseless position.

A correspondent sends a long screed in which he claims all prize fighters are ruffians. He also takes much notice of the physique of pugilists, laying great stress on their square jaws and thick necks.

Now, who would not sooner have a thick, muscular neck, a pair of broad shoulders, and a deep, square chest, than a long, scraggy neck, a hollow, narrow chest and a pair of shaggy spindleshanks. The class of people that condemn pugilists are generally jealous of their superior athletic appearance.

Betty Gallagher, the clever Cleveland middle-weight, is to be given a chance to show what he can do with a man of about his own size, strength and skill in Boston. The lad picked out for him is George Le Blanche, the Marine, and they will probably meet at the Cribb Club in the next three or four weeks.

A well-known English pugilist says: "If McAuliffe has really been sick with the malady said, he is a blooming chump to fight Carney. Jim is the greatest fighter I ever saw of his weight and the most merciless. He wouldn't go into the ring with any body unless he was fit, and he can't understand how anybody else can. As long as a man isn't out or doesn't cry enough he will give him the hottest he has in the shop, and my word for it, there's plenty of pepper in his blows."

"If McAuliffe doesn't come to the scratch well and fit he'll give him such a hiding as he never got before, and what a fool a man is to take that if he knows he isn't well and fit to do himself justice?" Jack, by the way is said to be rounding to all right, but his friends hereabouts take the reports with more than the usual grain of dubious salt.

At Panama recently a pugilist from San Francisco, named McEllan, gave an exhibition with a professional from New Orleans, and got the better of the contest. He met his match, however, at a station on the line—Las Cascades. While under the influence of liquor he challenged anyone of a crowd who were quietly sipping their beer in the village, to fight with him.

A powerful black canal digger accepted the challenge, and in a few seconds the men were engaged in a brutal encounter. McEllan was caught up in the arms of his less scientific antagonist and thrown violently several times. He was unable to rise after the third fall, and was found to be severely injured. He died a few days afterward from the effects of internal injuries sustained during the encounter.

It is difficult, indeed, to convince a large number of people that a man who indulges in, or sympathizes with, sports is respectable, or, that he is not far removed from vicious, the brutal and the thieving. Sports and their patrons seem to be unwelcome targets for pulpit bigotry and social pecksniffs. In short, it would seem that sporting and respectability are incompatible.

In this short article it will be our aim to show the contrary. We will be exceedingly frank, and in arguing the question will certainly discard much of the so-called "sporting" of to-day. There is, however, a nobility and utility in sporting to which very few of its narrow-minded opponents can descend.

Of course, we are aware that legitimate sports and pastimes have of late years been degraded and prostituted in the dust. This, however, is no fault of sporting principles any more than church immoralities and crimes are the consequence of true Christianity.

Sporting in all its branches can be carried on with as much purity of mind and honesty of motive as any church affair; probably many will contend more so. Take any of the athletic pursuits and tell us if any of them are not conducive to a vigorous mind and body.

The very best argument in favor of the affirmative is found in the fact that those who oppose them are either too cowardly or indolent to practice them, and are, therefore, as a rule, a class of inactive and physically weak creatures. To ask a U. P. to attend a boxing exhibition would be a moral crime of the deepest dye in the eyes of the "unco gude," and to ask him to put on the "mitts" would simply threaten the entire moral structure of the universe.

The "good man" would be much readier to play the part of a coward and pick up a brick and fell an insulter than develop the legitimate use of the hands God had given him.

One of the cleverest boxers I have known was a minister of the gospel, a sound, practical and intelligent Christian. A more gentlemanly man never lived. He hated a prize fight, and at any time would have assisted in punishing a principal severely. Often he said: "Men who use weapons are, as a rule, cowards. Always see or judge what your hands and head will do before resorting to anything else, if you are insulted or attacked."

This good and noble man spent many hours in teaching youngsters the "manly art," and was never more at ease than when witnessing the youths pitching into each other with good sized gloves. He was none the worse as a man or a minister for it.

I learn that at Detroit recently Prof. Bart Doran was presented with an elegant gold watch and chain by his sporting friends. On the cap is inscribed: "Presented to Bart J. Doran. Presented from his pupils, Detroit, Mich., 1887." The watch is three ounces, fine gold cases, finely chased, a very fine Riverside Waltham movement, adjusted to heat, cold and position, and on the front his initials.

Mike Daly, of Bangor, has written a letter in which he says: "I leave for my home in Bangor, Me., with the determination never again to enter the ring after I meet the winner of the Carney-McAuliffe fight for the light-weight championship of the world. I need not be challenged after that battle. I now stand ready to meet any light-weight pugilist in the world who wants to challenge the winner of that battle, and if I am defeated I will retire in his favor. I will fight for \$1,000 a side, with an added purse, the winner to take all. It is not satisfactory, I will fight for as low as \$250 a side, but the loser must not get anything."

"To show that I can get to the light-weight limit, and am still a light-weight, I am willing to post the entire amount of stake at the time of making the match, and let it go to my opponent if I fail to get to weight. I leave in the hands of the Boston Herald a certified check for \$100 to show that I mean business, and will meet any one at that office to make a match any day they name."

Dempsy and McAuliffe are hard at work down at Ruland's Hotel, Rockaway, and both are doing well. McAuliffe will have a great help in Dempsy's experience and friendship and it is said Dempsy will second him in his battle with Jim Carney. Dempsy's seconding will be much more valuable to McAuliffe than it would be to another class of fighter. A successful pugilist invariably wants his principal to fight as he would himself, and as McAuliffe is a pocket edition of Dempsy and fights the same style, the advice will be better than it would be for a right hand rushing fighter. Carney is also hard at work.

James Quirk, the well-known sprinter, sailed last Tuesday for England, where he has entered for several handicaps.

The largest gymnasium in the world is said to be that of the Young Men's Christian Association at Liverpool. Harvard is said to have the next largest.

William Myers, of Streator, Ill., who recently knocked out Harry Gilmore, of Toronto, in reply to a remark of Jack McAuliffe to the effect that "Gilmore was not knocked out on the square," challenges McAuliffe to fight with small gloves, Queensberry rules, for \$1,500 or \$2,500 a side.

Toff Wall, the best of English middle-weights, is to be in America to fight Jack Dempsy early in January, 1888. If the men meet it will be for a large stake and the middle-weight championship of the world.

It is now certain that Malcolm W. Ford will be one of the team which the New York Athletic Club intends to send to England next spring. The chances of the great athlete's thorough recovery from his present illness are considered good.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

KILRAIN & SMITH.

LOOK OUT FOR No. 534 OF THE
POLICE GAZETTE HOLIDAY EDITION
OUT FRIDAY, DEC. 2.

The Greatest Supplement ever issued will be given away with No. 534 of the POLICE GAZETTE.

The American and English Champions as they will appear in the Great International Fight, beautifully colored and suitable for framing; printed on fine, heavy plate paper; size, 19x25. Every Sporting House, Saloon, Barber Shop, Hotel and Sporting man in the world should have one. NO EXTRA CHARGE. All for TEN CENTS. Order extra copies in advance from your newsdealer.

IOWA.—Yes.
M. Q. Troy, N. Y.—No.
S. W. Austin, Tex.—No.
D. C. R. Cleveland—O. K.
C. J. T. Denver, Col.—Yes.
J. W. Paterson, N. J.—No.
H. W. Detroit, Mich.—Yes.
R. S. W. Brownsville.—Yes.
R. A. A. New York City.—No.
C. J. R. Suspension Bridge.—A loss.
J. S. S. Chicago.—Lawrence Barrett.
L. C. G. Dover, Del.—The bet is a draw.
O. S. Hebron, Col.—The song is out of print.
S. J. Omaha.—Richard K. Fox is Kilrain's backer.
G. H. C. Chicago.—The dog must go to the scratch.
G. T. Albany, N. Y.—John Mace is an Englishman.
O. M. Providence, R. I.—Neither wins; it is a draw.
J. A. Buffalo, N. Y.—We have no record of the affair.
CONSTANT READER.—Mountjoy did accomplish the feat.
A. F. Peoria, Ill.—Chas. Perkins trained John C. Heenan.
H. L. Olean, N. Y.—Mitchell was born in Birmingham, Eng.
H. C. Camden, Ohio.—We can furnish you with boxing gloves.
L. C. New Orleans, La.—Mitchell was born in Birmingham, Eng.

A. K. New York.—I. The Poet Coleridge died July 26, 1834.
2. No.
P. G. Niles, Mich.—John L. Sullivan was born October 15, 1858.
L. C. Oakland.—Tom Cribb received the first champion belt.

T. O. Troy, N. Y.—John L. Sullivan was born at Boston, Mass.

L. A. Trenton, N. J.—Maggie Mitchell was born in New York in 1837.

A. Z. Warsaw, Ky.—Gen. Lee surrendered to Gen. Grant April 9, 1865.

C. P. San Francisco, Cal.—Aaron Jones stood 5 feet 11½ inches in height.

A. G. and G. G. Brooklyn, N. Y.—Not if deeds and bill of sale are made.

P. P. Newark, N. J.—Chas. Perkins boxed and trained John C. Heenan.

CONSTANT READER.—We have no means of finding the party you refer to.

C. O. Lisbon Falls.—T. Sheridan, the actor and author, died Aug. 14, 1842.

D. W. S. Ballston, N. Y.—Richard K. Fox is a native of Belfast, Ireland.

B. E. Louisville, Ky.—J. Julius Booth was born on May 1, 1796. 2. Yes.

SPORT, Chicago, Ill.—A wins; Tom Sayers was never beaten by Bob Brettie.

M. E. Selma, Ala.—If you bet that Mitchell knocked Sullivan down, you win.

O. Z. Morris, Ill.—O. Charley Mitchell and Tug Wilson never fought. 2. No.

J. B. Locust Gap, Pa.—Address the party in care of Chronicle, San Francisco.

SKELDON, St. Louis.—No man can lose a wager when he has no chance to win.

G. O. Memphis.—Shakespeare's Richard II., first played in America in 1619.

C. S. Battle Creek, Mich.—The Fenian raid in Canada took place June, 1866.

S. D. Columbus, Ohio.—The Fenian raid into Canada took place June, 1866.

A. J. Tampico, Mexico.—1. There is no record for wheat threshing. 2. Yes.

B. C. Altoona, Pa.—Billy Madden is no relation to old Mike Madden, the pugilist.

F. K. E. Jamestown, Va.—1. A wins. 2. Jim Mace and Bob Travers fought once.

H. R. Branchdale, Pa.—John Morrissey was born at Templemore, Ireland, in 1831.

F. E. B. Pittsfield, Mass.—1. No. 2. John L. Sullivan has never been to England.

J. A. Rochester, N. Y.—1. G. L. Fox, the comedian, was born in Boston, Mass. 2. No.

J. C. Bayonne City, N. J.—John L. Sullivan's father was born in County Kerry, Ireland.

C. D. Oswego, N. Y.—Ben Caunt held the championship of England from 1841 to 1845.

CONSTANT READER, Columbus, Ohio.—John C. Heenan never won a prize fight. A wins.

B. W. Manchaug, Mass.—Matilda Heron was born in Ladbey Vale, Londonderry, Ireland.

F. H. and G. H.—Send loc. for the POLICE GAZETTE which contains history of Jake Kilrain.

S. W. Burlington, Iowa.—Learn a trade and then you will have something to fall back on.

J. C. D. New York City.—Procure a copy of "The Sporting Man's Companion." It contains a record of all such events.

N. A. Leadville, Col.—1. Bob Brettie came to this country in 1868. 2. He died in April, 1872, and was in his forty-first year.

J. D. R. White Sulphur Springs.—Sullivan and Ryan fought 9 rounds, 11 minutes, when they fought for the championship.

J. L. Smith, Eau Claire, Wis.—London prize ring rules governed, and no gloves were used, when Sullivan defeated Ryan.

W. J. J. Sunday, 5 P. M.—Send 30c. for the "Sporting Man's Companion" to this office. It contains all the jumping records, etc.

J. W. M. Greenville, Conn.—Frank Barrett, of Norfolk, opened 2,000 oysters in 1 hour 15 minutes, in New York, in October, 1884.

R. S. Toronto, Canada.—1. A. W. Sullivan threw a 12-pound hammer 107 feet 6 inches at Riverdale, Ill., on October 21, 1877. 2. No.

G. M. Seymour, Ind.—Dudley Kavanagh issued a challenge on May 27, 1864, to play John Roberts two matches for \$5,000 each.

H. O. M. Denver, Col.—1. Send 30c. for "The Sporting Man's Companion" to this office; it explains. 2. Three feet from the pole.

S. B. Buffalo, N. Y.—1. No. 2. The first trotting match between Princess and Flora Temple was decided on June 16, 1859, for \$5,000.

C. D. W. K. Chicago.—1. Yes. 2. When Mitchell and McCaffrey fought in Madison Square Garden McCaffrey was declared the winner.

READER.—Livingston, Mon.—Richard K. Fox did offer to match Herbert A. Slade against John L. Sullivan, and the \$2,500 was never covered.

A. C. Manchester, N. Y.—A man who bets on a "sure thing" wins, unless the subject is a fraud, which he has been instrumental in concealing.

D. J. Denver, Col.—The New York Herald has the largest general circulation, and exceeds in circulation any other daily paper in the United States.

S. C. Boston, Mass.—1. No. 2. Alice Hawthorne won the Chester Cup in 1842. 3. The New Bowery theatre, New York, was burned December, 1866.

W. M. W. Beverly, Mass.—Patrick Fitzgerald, of this city, has covered 610 miles in 144 hours, which performance has never been beaten or even equalled.

A. B. Toronto, Canada.—Hanlan was not the first champion oarsman who went to row in England. James Hamill and Walter Brown went over, the former in 1866 and the latter in 1869.

D. S. L. Washington, D. C.—On Feb. 20, 1882, at London, Eng., H. Thatcher walked 22 miles 456 yards in 3 hours, 2. George Washington was elected President of the United States in 1789. 3. Yes.

D. E. Baltimore, Md.—Tom Hyer's tremendous contests with Country McCuskey and Yankee Sullivan in the prize ring proved him to be, in our opinion, the greatest pugilist who ever entered the ring.

D. M. Ypsilanti, Mich.—1. The Beekman Street theatre stood in Beekman, near Nassau street in 1764. 2. It was built in 1761, and razed in a riot in 1764.

D. J. Natick, Mass.—Wm. Perry was called the Tipton Slasher because he was born at Tipton, England, and was, in the vernacular of the sports a slasher at fighting.

NOVICE, Sioux Falls.—A straight flush will beat four aces when straights are counted. 2. No. 3. Of one suit, yes. A straight flush is a sequence of five cards, all of the same suit, and is the highest hand that can be held in poker.

J. W. Harrisburg, Pa.—1. Billy Madden's address is corner 101st street and 3d avenue, New York City. 2. Yes, he keeps a saloon. 3. The "Police Gazette" rules of boxing, etc., are mailed to anyone who sends a two-cent stamp.

D. J. Boston.—Charley McIvor's last race was in Winnipeg with a Western runner for \$4,000 a side. He won. Is now married and is very rich out in California; has three fine children.

D. J. S. Cincinnati.—The New York Herald is the property of Mr. James Gordon Bennett. 2. The circulation of the New York Herald is larger than any other paper in the United States. It goes all over the world, and can be purchased in any city in the United States, Canada or Europe.

D. W. Boston.—On March 19, 1866, Alf Greenfield was tendered a benefit at Birmingham and announced that he would retire from the prize ring. Greenfield's connection with the prize ring extends over a period of ten years, and he has always displayed courage and science of the highest order when engaged.

J. W. Portsmouth, N. H.—1. No. 2. March 22, 1886, Henry Anders defeated Jack Sterling, 4 rounds, Queensberry rules, Philadelphia. 3. Yes. 4. On March 22, 1886, Mike Boden and Fatty Langtry were to have fought 4 rounds, Queensberry rules; one round was fought, when the manager, John H. Clark, stopped the hippodrome.

J. S. Chicago.—Tom Lees, who was 29 years of age on June 30 last, was born in New South Wales, stands 5 feet 11 inches in height and weighs 163 pounds. He has never fought with the raw 'uns, though he has a big record as regards glove contests, as, with the exception of his first essay, when he was beaten by a big darkey, he had never known defeat until beaten by Bill Goode, having beaten in turn Cribb, Atkinson (a pupil of Jim Mace), Golding, Kogan, Maloy, Farnham and several others. Of these the victory over Farnham was of the most importance, as that worthy was considered good enough to match with the redoubtable American J. L. Sullivan, but the victory of Lees over him soon dispelled the idea. His defeat of Will Perkins on July 11, 1886, when he defeated easily in four rounds at Walter's School of Arms, London, England. Lees' last battle was with Bill Goode for \$500, with gloves. It was fought at Lambeth, London, England, August, 1887, and Goode won in fifteen rounds.

M. J. S. Louisville, Ky.—George Fordham, the jockey, died Oct. 18, 1887, at his residence, Villa Montrose, the Grove, Slough, England, of consumption. In early life Fordham was apprenticed to Dick Drevitt, the Lewes trainer, and it was while in that employment that he made his first appearance in public.

This was in 1850, when he was put on the back of the two-year-old filly Isabella, in the Leather Plate at Brighton on October 24. The filly was second favorite at 5 to 2 against, but finished in a field of six. The weight she carried was 70 pounds, but it is worthy to note that at this first winning mount at the same rendezvous on October 9, 1851, being at that time 13 years old. The race was the Trial Stakes, and Fordham, on Mr. Drevitt's two-year-old chestnut colt Hampden, won by two lengths in a field of nine, but on the following day when riding the same horse in the Feather Plate he was beaten a length by Bundy on the Imp filly.

Fordham sprang suddenly into prominence in 1853, when he won the Cambridgeshire on Little David from a field of thirty-nine. The winner led from start to finish, and was so full of running at the close that he carried his diminutive rider into the town before he could be stopped. The greatest number of successes he ever scored in one year was in 1862, his record for that season showing 165 wins. The much-lamented jockey leaves a widow and four children—one son and two daughters by his first wife, and a daughter, about seven years old, by his present wife.

T. R. L. Fremont, Neb.—1. Cyr is still the best. 2. Humbug, couldn't raise 150 pounds much less 250 pounds. 3. Putting up one dumbbell, with two hands, one from ground to shoulder, and three times from shoulder to full arm's length above the shoulder—Austria (111½ kilograms), 245.81 pounds, F. Staehr, Vienna, Dec.—, 1885. 4. Putting up a dumbbell weighing (40½ kilograms) 109.68 pounds, with one hand, from shoulder to arm's length above the shoulder, standing in the position of a soldier—body erect, shoulders level, moving only the right arm—Austria, 3 times, F. Staehr, Vienna, Dec.—, 1885. Putting up a dumbbell weighing (49½ kilograms) 109.68 pounds, with one hand, from the shoulder to arm's length above the shoulder—Austria, 25 times, F. Staehr, Vienna, Dec.—, 1885. Putting up 104-pound dumbbell, with one hand, from the shoulder to arm's length above the shoulder—America, 11 times, G. D. Farnly, New York City, Feb. 4, 1878. Putting up 100-pound dumbbell, with one hand, from the shoulder to arm's length above the shoulder—America, 20 times, G. N. Robinson, San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 25, 1875. 5. No record; record is seven less for one bell, as the man cannot stand erect and does not hold the bell up but only slanting, with two bells, 56 pounds in each hand have been fairly held by a dozen men. 6. No record, 56-pound shot, with follow, 21 feet 9 inches.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Battles of a Week.

Mike Daly, the Bangor fighter, has returned home, where he will go into business. He is somewhat disappointed in not being able to get on a fight while in Boston.

The 15-round fight between Patsy Kerrigan of Boston and Martin Snee of Haverhill will take place Nov. 19, in or near Boston. They will fight with two-ounce gloves.

The second annual competition for the amateur boxing championship of America, open to all amateurs at 120 pounds, under the auspices of the Spartan Harriers, will be held in New York on Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8 P. M.

The "Daily News," New York, says: The "Sporting Life," London, Oct. 28, publishes the following: "Mr. Richard K. Fox of the New York Police Gazette has today deposited £100 at the New York Clipper office to match Kilrain against Sullivan, win or lose the international fight with Jim Smith, for \$5,000 (open to \$10,000). The fight to take place in April or May next."

At Plainfield, N. J., James Goff of Newark and James Dwyer of this city have signed articles to fight for \$250 a side and the receipts. The contest was arranged to take place in an old barn. Although fifty tickets, at \$5 a piece, were said to have been sold and there were more than 50 persons present, the treasurer had only \$6 on hand, whereupon the fight was declared off, as the principals refused to do business for so small a sum.

James Fitzsimmons, of Boston, and Doc O'Connell, of East Boston, have signed articles of agreement for a fight to a finish with 2-ounce gloves for \$250 a side. The battle will take place within 100 miles of Boston, in December, and the winner will take all, including gate receipts. According to the articles, the men are to fight at 128 pounds, in a 20-foot ring, in the presence of 100 people, who will be required to pay \$5 each for the privilege.

Ike Weir, the "Spider," has received articles of agreement, bearing the signature of Tommy Warren, for their coming fight. The articles are the same as given a few days ago, calling for a battle for gate receipts, the winner to take the whole. The fight will take place early in December, and the Spider will leave for the West in a couple of weeks, after his benefit takes place. Weir will sign the articles and mail them to the West.

Jim Brady, otherwise known as the Buffalo Unknown, will be given a benefit at Woodbury Hall, Boston, on Friday evening, Nov. 18. There will be 3-round bouts between Dick Cronin and Frank Steele, Tom McManus and Patsy Kerrigan, Pete McCoy and probably George Lo Blanche, and Alf Parrott and another bantam-weight. The wind-up will be between Brady and Joe Lannon. Brady says he has not received fair treatment in that city so far, and is not in the best of financial condition.

Marcellus Baker, who has figured in many encounters in the roped arena, has withdrawn from the ring and will for the future devote his time to instructing pupils in the many art, for which he is peculiarly adapted. He left for Richmond, Va., where he has been employed as instructor for several years at a well known club in that city. On his return from the South he will stop over at New York and sign articles for one more contest, and a prominent divine will act as referee. Baker is to be envied, for it is said she is very handsome.

Burke and Ryan were refused a license for their match in San Francisco because they declined to appear at a benefit for the widow of Jack Seymour, manager of the California Athletic Club, who committed suicide through financial difficulties. The pugilists thought that if they showed at the benefit it might knock some of the profits off their boxing match, and backed out after being billed. The widow informed the mayor, who knew her in more prosperous days, and the thrifty pugilists were at once officially blacklisted.

Prof. S. Kembell, general athletic teacher of the New York Cribb Club, is the inventor of a machine which he claims will surpass all others in developing the hitting powers of the pugilist. It is a wooden pugilist, shaped like a man, and carefully padded from crown to waist. The athlete can fight it with bare fists and can practice both body and face blows. The figure stands on strong wires, and when hit springs backward, when recovering it bounds forward and will strike the athlete if he is not quick enough to get out of danger. The professor has given it the name of the "buffer, or fighting machine."

The "Police Gazette" correspondent at Bethlehem, Pa., writes that Jack Furry, who was matched to fight Jack Nolan on Nov. 25, had his leg injured in a row near Freemansburg, and is now unable to train for the coming fight. A local feather-weight boxer by the name of A. Furry is to take Furry's place. A. Furry has not won a battle yet, but he knows he is a good boxer, and he thinks he stands a fair chance to win this one. This battle is also going to be for satisfaction. Jack W. Nolan weighs 134 pounds, and has a good record, and A. Furry weighs 117½ pounds and has no record.

A correspondent writes from Ashland, Wis.: "In regard to the fight between Mike C. Conley, the Ithaca Giant, the well known sporting man, and O. H. Smith, the champion of Nebraska, I, one of the witnesses to the meeting between the two men, think that Mr. Conley is not entitled to any credit as a fighting man in knocking Smith out, as Smith, at the time of the fight, was full of whisky and in no condition to fight and, in fact, made no showing whatever, and the whole thing was a farce from beginning to end. Smith was assured of a percentage of the receipts of the meeting and as is well known by all sporting men to be a man that will not stand punishment if there is no money in it."

At Cleveland, Ohio, on Nov. 9, a hard-fought and clever battle took place in a private club room. The contestants were John C. Peters, colored, 159 pounds, of Detroit, and Stanley Cutler, 167 pounds, of Cleveland. Two-ounce gloves were used and the men fought twelve rounds. Queensberry rules governed and the fight was to a finish for the gate money, \$250. In the twelfth round Cutler was knocked out by a right-handed drive on the jaw that sent him senseless to the floor. It was a pretty and well-contested affair for the first six rounds. After that Cutler was done and only managed to keep up for six tame rounds more because Peters had broken a bone in his right hand during the third round and was seriously crippled thereby. Peters is a wonderful fighter and will be given a chance at some good men.

Tommy Danforth, of New York, and Billy Edwards, of Chicago, have been matched to fight. The following are the articles:

NOVEMBER 8, 1887.

Articles of agreement, entered into this day, November 8, 1887, between Tommy Danforth, of New York City, and Billy Edwards, of Chicago, Ill., in which they agree to fight to a finish, "Police Gazette" rules, for a purse of \$250 and \$100 a side, in Boston, Mass., or Louisville, Ky., five weeks from signing articles, at catch-weight, referee to be decided upon on entering the ring. A deposit of \$50 is this day put up by their respective backers, in the hands of Harry Horton, of Harlem, New York City, the balance of the said \$100 to be deposited on Nov. 25, 1887. Either party failing to deposit the balance on said day will forfeit said fight and money.

Witnesses:
HARRY HORTON,
J. MURPHY.

A cable to the New York "Star" from London, Nov. 8, says: "Fleet street, in the vicinity of the Sporting Life office, was much more crowded than usual to-day, and the cause of the gathering was the fact that John L. Sullivan, the American champion pugilist, had come to make a match with Charley Mitchell to fight to a finish for as much money as the latter could put up. Sullivan was on hand early in the morning and waited two hours, but Mitchell did not put in an appearance, neither did he send any word as to his willingness or unwilling-

ness to make a match. Sullivan was greatly disappointed, but said that he would meet Mitchell at any time or place in order to ratify a match to see which was the better man in an old-time battle. For some days past it has been known that the authorities of Scotland Yard have been making preparations to prevent the fight between Smith and Kilrain. It was generally supposed that this will would take place on Spanish soil during the first week in January, but the knowing ones say that the battle will take place in France, but the date is kept a profound secret. Mitchell was at Birmingham where he had to appear with Jake Kilrain, so that it was impossible for him to be in London.

The "Police Gazette" correspondent at St. Paul writes that Patsy Cardiff is continually training, and has not touched a drop of liquor for three months. Patsy never was a heavy drinker, and he could enter the ring in a week's notice. He is doing a good business with his partner, John Donaldson, who holds Patsy down. The latter says he shall make but one more great fight, which will be the event of his life in the ring. This will be a contest for the world's championship, "and he will come pretty near winning it," said Donaldson, who has tried them all. Patsy is not over fond of the ring and wants to retire and engage in his legitimate business. He is the best man in the West or in America to-day. Whether there are better men who are now across the ocean remains to be seen. Tommy Warren is here and training hard for his meeting here with the Spider next month. Patsy O'Leary is also here, and a hard glove fight to a finish is arranged to occur between Warren and O'Leary Dec. 4. The fight is for \$1,000 a side, of which \$500 a side is already posted. Warren evidently has his hands full, but I predict that he will win both fights. Mark the prediction.

RYDER.

Jack Dolan, the middle-weight, received a very flattering testimonial at Woodbury Hall, Shawmut avenue, Boston, on Nov. 8, and the programme presented for the evening's entertainment was well worthy of a large crowd. Jimmy Kelly, of the South End Athletic Club, officiated as master of ceremonies, and introduced young Parker and McCann for the opening set-to. They were followed by Billy Howard in a very neat contention act. Denny Sullivan and Jimmy Carroll then showed the spectators what they knew of scientific work with the mitts, followed by Charlie Harkins and Jim Cross, who punched each other around in a lively manner. This was followed by what was really the event of the evening, Hugh McKenzie and Metz Flood engaging in a very lively battle, which brought much applause from the spectators. Husbands and Billy Walsh, Tommy Brockwell and young Abbott, and young Donegan and young Curley then appeared in 3-round bouts. Pat Morrill and Jack Howard wrestled, collar-and-elbow, and McDonald, of Cambridge, and Fuller, of Melrose, showed how expert men can become with the falls. The wind-up for the evening's entertainment was between the beneficiary and Punch Vaughn, the English welter-weight, and it made a very creditable closing of a good show.

The backers of Jem Carney, who is to meet Jack McAuliffe inside of two weeks, for \$4,500 and the light-weight championship of the world, are keeping their man very secluded. It is supposed that they are afraid his arrest will be caused by the opposing party just before the fight, in order to get out of doing battle for the money now posted. They do not propose to be caught in this way and are consequently keeping Carney's whereabouts a secret. After the last set of articles of agreement were signed at the Revere House, Boston, a few weeks ago, Carney was sent out to Stockwell's farm, at Wilmington with his trainer. Stockwell's farm was thought to be just the place for such a purpose, as it is located in the woods about three miles from the Wilmington station, while the nearest house, half a mile distant, is the famous James Pearson house, which has the reputation of being haunted, and has not had a tenant for over twenty years. Carney remained there just seven days, when he was removed to another place equally as good, not many miles away, for good reasons, as his backers thought. Carney was seen by the writer at his new place a few days ago. He is in splendid condition, weighing just 132 pounds, one pound under weight. He is eating all he wants of good mutton and beef, and drinks sparingly of Burton-on-Trent ale. The roads are good in that vicinity, and Carney walks at least 20 miles every day, besides punching away at the speed ball and exercising regularly on the Indian clubs and dumbbells.

"I am feeling splendidly," said Carney. "I am in better condition, if possible, than when I left Raynham in October. I haven't the least doubt about the result of the fight, if it ever comes off. I have been disappointed so many times that nothing would surprise me now. Of course I am a little anxious to get through with the battle, so that I can get back to my home and family in England."

"How did you like your quarters at Wilmington?" "There was only one trouble with the place. The roads were rather sandy, which made it hard walking. Now, as walking is one of the greatest features of my system of training, I did not like it. Yet I could have got along, in fact, I rather liked the place. It was very interesting. While there they told me a blood-curdling tale in connection with the haunted house. Twenty-two years ago an old man named Pearson, who had two grown-up daughters and a wife, became infatuated with another woman. In order to get his family out of the way and marry the woman who had stolen his love, he cut all of their throats and was hanged for his crime a few years later. The house was a splendid one for those days, but the heirs have been unable to get any one to live in it. So it has been without a tenant all these years, and there is an old sign attached to the front of the building, as weatherbeaten as the house itself, which informs passers by that the place is for sale. It has never been sold, however, and there is no prospect of a sale. We never hear of such things in England. This is also a very nice place, and there are a large number of places of interest. I hope, however, that you won't say anything about them until after I have left, for my backers don't want my whereabouts known, and if you give it away, why, I'll have to move." Carney's flesh is as hard as the dumbbells with which he practices, and his grip, when he bade the writer goodbye, was like an iron vise. His eyes are clear, and he could not get into better condition if he should train for a year. He is seen by his backers nearly every day, and will be able to fight for his life when he enters the ring. McAuliffe is training at Ruland's hotel, at Rockaway Beach, Long Island. Jack Dempsey, the middle-weight champion pugilist, and Bob Drew direct his training. His weight was recently reported at 137 pounds. McAuliffe and his trainers say that the swelling in his groin is disappearing, that he is fast getting to the prescribed weight—one hundred and thirty-three pounds without loss of strength. The prospects of the fight coming off were never better, and hundreds of anxious sports are looking for a chance to get there. A prominent business man in one of the suburbs met Captain Cooke, the representative of Carney's backers, the other day. The prominent business man took a green bit of pasteboard from his pocket, handed it to Captain Cooke and said: "I suppose the change in the date will make no difference to the holders of these?"

The card, which was scanned thoughtfully by the captain a few moments, read:

Admit Mr. —
To McAuliffe and Carney.
Date, Oct. 5, 1887.
Presented by F. G. Howard.

"You have evidently become the victim of sharpers," said Captain Cooke. "We have issued no tickets to this fight. Each side will only be allowed to bring 10 men, and these 10 men were settled upon about as soon as the articles were signed."

The prominent business man who had paid \$50 for the worthless piece of green pasteboard and another just like it with the name of a friend on it instead of his own left it with Captain Cooke as a souvenir. In speaking of the affair the captain said: "The swindler was a well-known Boston sharper and waster named 'Sam.' His identity was ascertained without much trouble, but the victim, of course, has no desire to prosecute. The business or society man who has a touch of 'sporting blood' in his veins, is a frequent and shining mark for the fighter, and especially the 'fake' fighter. Cases like this come up almost every day during the fighting season. Greenhorns and would-be sporting men are sold every day, but still they nibble at the bait."

SPORTING NOTES.

KILRAIN & SMITH.

LOOK OUT FOR No. 534 OF THE POLICE GAZETTE HOLIDAY EDITION OUT FRIDAY, DEC. 2.

The Greatest Supplement ever issued will be given away with No. 534 of the POLICE GAZETTE.

The American and English Champions as they will appear in the Great International Fight, beautifully colored and suitable for framing; printed on fine, heavy plate paper; size, 19½x26. Every Sporting House, Saloon, Barber Shop, Hotel and Sporting man in the world should have one. NO EXTRA CHARGE. All for TEN CENTS. Order extra copies in advance from your newsdealer.

Montreal parties want to back Billy Hawkins of Winnipeg against Harry Gilmore for another finish fight with small gloves and Queensberry rules.

John Anderson, who recently defeated Bethune, and an unknown have been matched for a 100-yards race for \$500 a side, to be run at Seneca Falls, N. Y.

W. S. George, the ex-amateur runner, has made a runaway match in England with the daughter of a china manufacturer, and he is coming next year to New York to live here permanently.

J. A. St. John, Gaudaur's backer, in his match with Teemer, thinks that Gaudaur is not himself that day, and that he is the better man. Gaudaur will challenge Teemer for another race next spring.

Designer Edward Burgess is at work on the design of a deep centerboard schooner yacht, to be 30 feet on the water-line, for a gentleman of New York. The boat will be built by Lawley & Sons of South Boston.

Isadore Cohnfeld, the owner of Maxey Cobb, and whose business is that of a feather manufacturer, is in financial difficulties, and has been charged with fraudulently disposing of his property. He sold his horses last fall.

It is said that Trickett intends to issue a challenge to Hanlan to row a race of from three to five miles, straightaway, for \$2,500 a side, to be rowed on the Fitzroy river, at Rockhampton, Australia, where Trickett resides.

Raceland's nine wins out of twelve starts have brought to his owner \$18,368 this season, and as he sold him for \$17,500, he has a return of \$26,368, a pretty good investment on \$225, the price Mr. Timann paid for him at the Rummymede yearling sale of 1886, when he was sold as being unsound.

During the past trotting season only two records better than 2:14, those of Harry Wilkes and Belle Hamlin, were made, and only three horses, not including the 2:14½ of Jay-Eye-See, whose previous record was 2:16, trotted in better than 2:17 without beating 2:14, and these were Patron, Prince Wilkes and Arab.

The N. Y. "Daily News," Nov. 6, says: "If Wm. Beach defeats Edward Hanlan, Teemer will allow the Australian \$1,500 to come to this country to row for \$5,000 a side, the 'Police Gazette' champion challenge cup, or he will accept \$1,000 for expenses and go to Australia to row for the champion trophy and \$5,000 a side. Should Hanlan defeat Beach, Peter Duryea and James Keenan will match Teemer to row Hanlan for any amount he may name."

George Littlewood, the English champion, is now in training at the University of Pennsylvania athletic grounds for the six days' go-as-you-please race, which will take place at the Rink, Philadelphia, during Thanksgiving week. The other entries are Pancho, champion of America; Frank Hart, the colored champion; James Albert and Bobby Van, of this city; George Noremanc, Anton Strokel, the Austrian; Dan Burns and others. The race is for the world's championship, and every starter has to pay an entrance fee of \$100.

Charley Mitchell's forfeit to fight John L. Sullivan, \$1,000, is posted with the Sporting Life, London. Sullivan did not go to meet Mitchell, or cover his money at the place where the money is posted, but to the Sportsman office. It appears that the Sporting Life and the Sportsman are rival papers and Sullivan ignored the Sporting Life, although it is the leading and best sporting journal in England. Mitchell so far has the best of the match-making: he put up \$1,000 at the Sporting Life office and issued a challenge to fight Sullivan. The money was not covered, neither did Sullivan go to the Sporting Life office, which was the proper place, if real match making was intended. If a boxer puts up a deposit and issues a challenge in the New York Clipper it would be ridiculous for any one who intended to accept the challenge going to the POLICE GAZETTE office, because where the money is posted is the place to do business. Sullivan insulted the Star and Stripes when, in a speech at St. James Hall, London, he publicly stated that it was his sincere wish that the British champion would defeat Kilrain, the American champion. Sullivan was afraid to fight the British champion, and he is jealous because Kilrain agreed to cross the Atlantic and fill a contract he should have done. It was a disgraceful act for John L. Sullivan to stand in front of an English audience with the American flag tied round his waist to publicly announce that he wished the British champion would defeat Jake Kilrain, who is a native born American and a native of New York, who is battling under the same flag. Sullivan's sentiments disgusted every American present. Sullivan has gone back on the Stars and Stripes. He recently said to Jim Smith: "I hope you knock the duft out of Jake Kilrain. He is a cur and will quit like a steer. I could lick Kilrain in a punch. You bet I am with you against the Baltimore duffer and Charley Mitchell. I will be at the ring side, Jim, when you fight Kilrain, and if you don't lick him I will help you."

The international prize fight between Jem Smith, the champion of England, and Jake Kilrain, the champion of America, who are to fight in Spain on Jan. 3, for \$10,000, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and championship of the world, is creating considerable interest in England, and betting has begun in earnest. Richard K. Fox received the following letter, under date of October 27, from Charley Mitchell, Kilrain's right hand man:

PLYMOUTH, Eng., Oct. 27, 1887.

DEAR MR. FOX—We are now in Plymouth, playing at Ginnet's Circus. It is a quiet, sleepy old town, and I shall be heartily glad when the week is up. Jake is feeling splendid and works regularly, and he is received well everywhere we go. He is very favorably impressed with England, but I shall be glad when the time comes to return to the States, for more reasons than one. I have challenged Sullivan to fight, prize ring rules, and have posted as forfeit £200, to fight for £500 a side, and I sincerely hope he will make the match. When will Jake's colors be done? It is time they were here. Get about 100 for England, and be sure and have shamrocks and a harp on them. We are not making much money, but that will come after the fight. I have fixed a beautiful place for Jake to train, but it will not be published in the papers, for we may experience some trouble through the police authorities. It will be on the south coast, but we shall have it in the papers that it is on the east coast. He goes into strict training next Monday week. He is fit to fight now, bar his hands; of course they have to be pickled. Send on the colors, care of Sporting Life, as quick as possible; it will cause as much excitement as the belt. Sullivan's people are blowing considerable, but I think I have put the climax on their blowing. He will have to fight me or his name is Dennis here. Sullivan's manager here tries to ridicule the belt and says you only scheme to advertise your paper, but it don't go for a cent. You are "main guy" to use an Americanism. You did what no other proprietor of a newspaper ever

did. You crossed the ocean and put up your money, and the people are keen and alive to these facts and give you all credit. Jake is sure to win; don't mind what anybody says; he has the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, and you bet he is going to bring it back to the land of the Stars and Stripes. I don't know of anything else this time, so I will close with kindest regards from Jake and myself to Mr. Clarke and Billy Harding, remaining as ever sincerely yours,
C. MITCHELL.

P. S.—When is Harding coming over? Let me know.

N. B.—Hurry up with the colors.

John P. Clow, of Denver, Col., who holds the "Police Gazette" champion medal of Colorado, is training at St. Paul for his battle with Frank Glover. Clow has been in training for the past ten days, and begins to show the benefit of the work, all superfluous flesh having disappeared and the muscles and cords stand out distinctly, while the skin is of marble whiteness, and when the muscles are in repose convey the impression of a statue. While in Cincinnati recently, where he went to meet Nolan Oct. 6, he was photographed in a position representing "Hercules" by the request of the Cincinnati gymnasium, for the purpose of showing the anatomical development of the human body. Clow, when asked how he succeeded in developing himself, said: "I might tell you that I did it by exercising, etc., but that is not the case to any great extent. I naturally had a good physique to start on, and then by steady practice developed myself some, but not very much, and it is a question whether I could not always hit as hard as I do now; then not using of liquor or tobacco assisted me greatly. I think I never went in a thorough course of training but once or twice, as I keep in good condition by daily walks and good hours, in fact, when I met Paddy McDonald, at Duluth, last spring, I worked but four days in the gymnasium before going there." Clow's left arm is like a bar of steel and splendidly developed, while his right arm, which he uses for a knock out blow and which he can hit with much harder, is considerable smaller, although it would not be noticed unless measured. Clow's eye for distance is almost perfect, as shown by work on the heavy striking bag, never hitting only just when within proper reach and often standing at a distance when the bag is on a swing and coming in and striking it at the exact moment when it has reached a perpendicular position, driving it back with terrific force. This faculty is of great assistance in sparring or fighting, as it enables the possessor to judge when his opponent is within proper distance and to take advantage of it, such men as Sullivan, Dempsey or Warren all possess this faculty to a large degree, hence they waste very little time fanning the air, in fact no man will excel, as a sparrer or otherwise, who does not have this faculty, no matter how strong or game he is. Clow when asked what he thought of his coming contest with Glover said: "I do not desire to say what I think. Glover is a big strong fellow, a very hard hitter, fairly clever and known to be as game as any one, and besides has the advantage of me over 20 pounds in weight, but I never have been defeated, although several times altered so that my own mother would not recognize me, yet I think I will be close up to the 'round up,' as we used to say out west, at the finish, and while I would not say that I feel sure of winning I can safely guarantee that Glover will know he has been to a contest."

Our Scottish friends have been anticipating with the most lively interest the day on which the international curling match between the several rinks of Canada and the United States was to take place at or near Buffalo, N. Y. The late seasonable weather and welcome visits of Old Jack Frost, gave ample opportunity for the cannie curlers to practice, and fearful lest the opportunity should elude them, the leaders of this sport sat in convention, and named Thursday, January 28, as the day for the great gathering of the clans, and, as might be supposed, the note of preparation was soon sounded almost all over the northern section of this continent. Before proceeding further in describing the affair, and by way of giving our American readers, who are not so well posted as our Highland friends, a little instruction in the curling art, we here give a brief description of the game:

1. Curling is always practiced upon the ice, and is, like golfing, a national game peculiar to Scotland. It requires several large stones, one for each player, of from 50 to 70 pounds weight, with an iron handle in the top; and a piece of level and strong ice, upon which a "rink" or course, ten feet wide, and varying from 30 to 60 yards in length, according to the ice, is cleared of snow. At each end of this, a small hole is made called a "tee," around which two circles are drawn called "broughs," one larger than the other. These are merely intended for the more ready measurement of the distance of each stone from the tee, and must also be cleared of snow. A line, called the "hog-spoon," is drawn across the rink at each end, at a distance from the tee equal to one-sixth of the rink, whatever that may be.

2. The play is tolerably simple in principle, but requires great strength and practice. The first player's object is to slide his stone as near the tee as possible, and in front of it. The next endeavors to beat the first, either by the greater proximity of his stone to the first instance, or by driving that of the first player away. A stone gliding by the tee is almost sure to beat of the game. Those of the same side either guard their partner's stone, if it is in a very likely place, or attempt to obtain a better position for themselves. When all have been played, the stone nearest the tee counts one, and all those of the same side which are not beaten by one of the other, also score one "shot," as it is called, the whole number constituting game being 31. By the above brief description, those not acquainted with the game will have discovered that curling is very similar to the English game of bowls, and in counting game, etc., not unlike quoits.

Curling Stones.—These are made of various kinds of stone (usually granite in Scotland), as they are also various in size, shape, weight or color, according to local by-laws and the taste of the owner. Some have brass and ivory handles at top, and some have ebony and swan-necked handles, inlaid and ornamented more or less, according to circumstances. The weights range from 30 pounds to 50 pounds each. Those in ordinary use usually cost in Scotland about £2 10s. These intended for presentation or as prizes are quite costly.

Rink.—This term is generally applied to the course of ice used by the players. A "full rink" signifies eight players, with all the implements of the game complete.

Tee.—This is a piece of wood placed in a small hole made in the ice, and around this hole are marked various concentric circles, as it by a pair of compasses, and the largest circle has a radius of seven feet. Another tee is placed on the line of the rink, at distances ranging from 28 to 38 yards, according to the "gibness" of the ice and the state of the weather. Four yards behind this last distance a piece of roughly punched sheet iron is laid down for the player to stand upon, and this would make his total distance 42 yards, which is frequently the case, but the distance may vary to ten yards less, or twenty yards more, according to agreement and the weather at the time.

Hog-spoon.—This is invariably one sixth of the distance at which the tee is placed, whatever that may be. It is a line drawn across the rink. When a stone does not reach this scratch, the opponents cry out "A hog!" and the player must remove the stone, as well as lose his throw.

Raising, or Promoting.—Both of these terms are in use to signify that a previous stone played is now driven by the last player's stone giving it a shove nearer the tee.

Chap and Lie.—This is the expression when the last player's stone shoves forward a previous one, and takes its place.

Drawing.—This is said of a player whose skill can make his stone take up a desired position, and not touch any other.

Guarding.—This is a still more difficult style of play, and consists of taking up a position partly or wholly in front of an adversary's stone, or to guard one's own previously played.

Unwinking.—A player who can make use of the rebound from striking some important stone so as to hit an important one out of the way, is said to wink.

Outwinking.—This operation requires similar skill, but has a different result, for the played stone must hit its object on the outside and drive it in towards the tee, although perhaps flying off itself. The outside of a stone which has been played means that which is the farthest from the player.

Chipping.—This means a brisk tap at one corner or one side of an adversary's stone, so as to drive it away and still proceed towards the tee.

Skip.—This is the captain on each side, usually four players on each, but the skips play last. Which side may commence is usually decided by the toss of a "baboon," or copper. After that the players must obey the directions of their respective skips, for they have the responsibility. Of course the skip likes to know that he has three good players as partners.



MURDERED IN COURT.

JAMES N. MASON SHOOTS AND KILLS LAWYER REYNOLDS DURING A VERY EXCITING TRIAL AT NANKIN, ASHLAND COUNTY, OHIO.



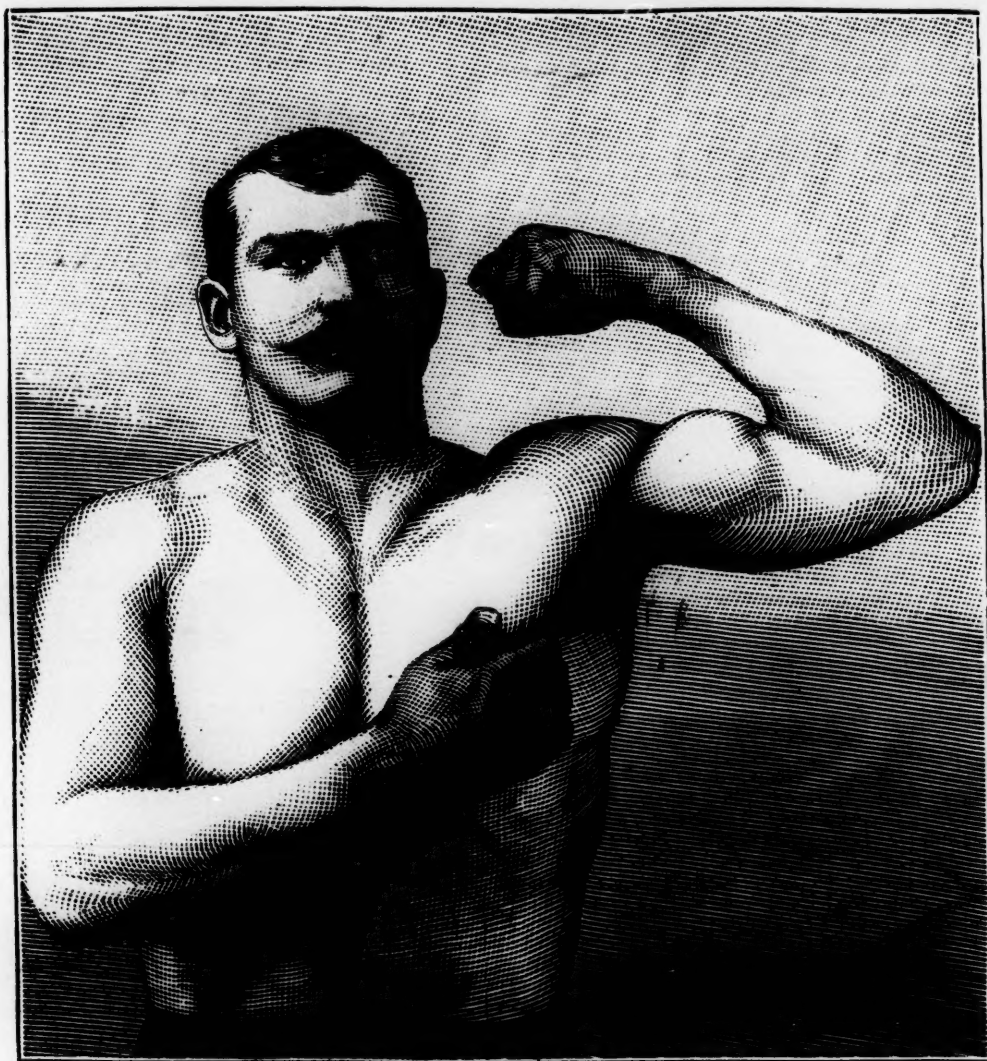
A RACE WAR IN TROY.

MISS MINNIE NELLIGAN MOORE AND HER DUSKY HANDMAID HAVE A PICTURESQUE ROUGH AND TUMBLE FIGHT IN TROY, NEW YORK.



KILRAIN'S RUN OF LUCK.

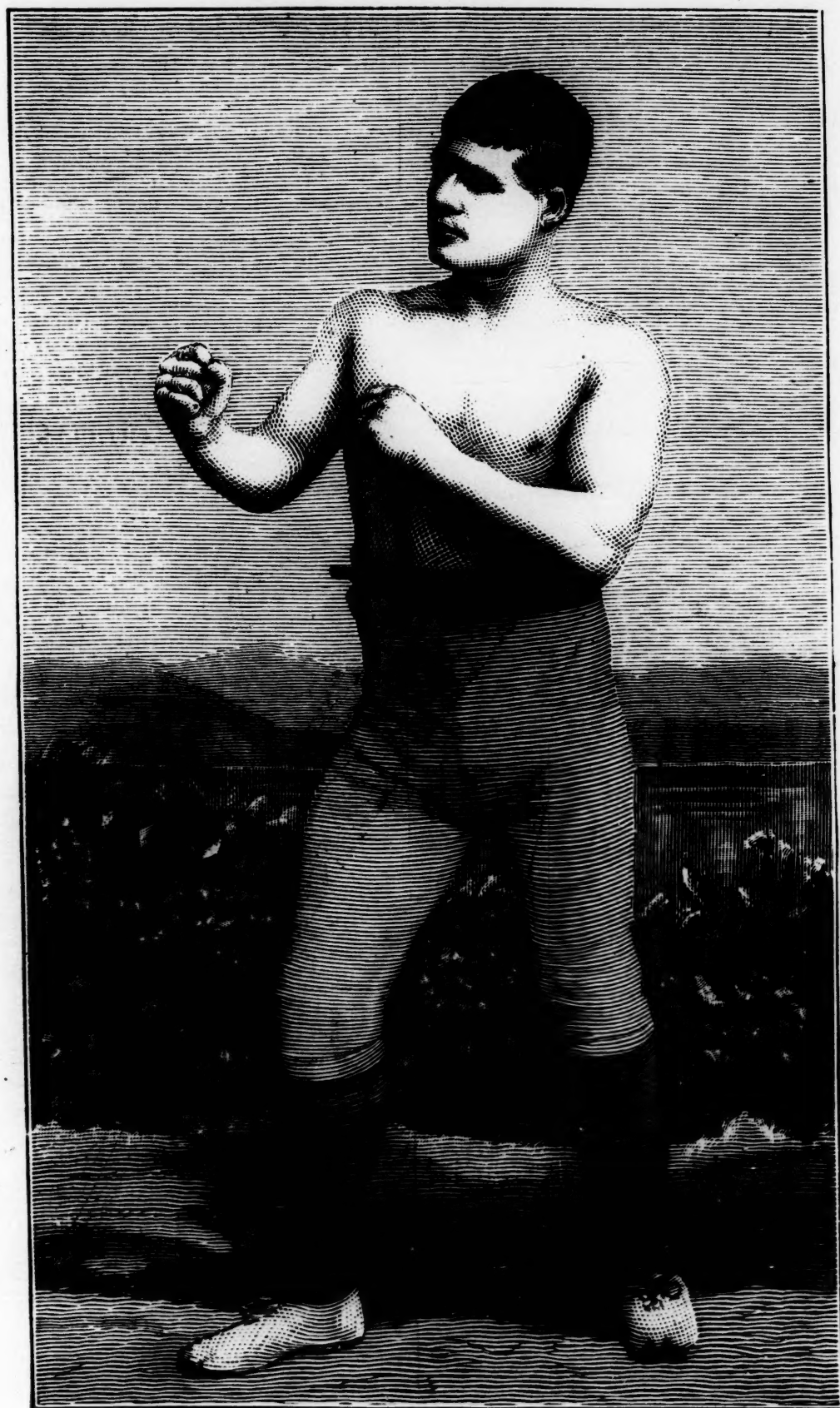
THE "POLICE GAZETTE" CHAMPION WINS A BOODLE ON "HUMWOOD" AND IS ADMIRER BY ALL THE SWELLS ON THE ENGLISH TURF.



HENRY SHELLNBARGER,
THE CHAMPION MIXED WRESTLER OF THE WORLD.



ROVER,
CHAMPION GREYHOUND, BACKED TO RUN ONE HUNDRED YARDS.



MICHAEL J. BODEN,
THE PROMISING YOUNG PRIZE FIGHTER KNOWN AS THE CANUCK.



BILLY MYERS,
THE SULLIVAN OF LIGHT-WEIGHTS.

BASEBALL MONOPOLY.

How the Great Magnates Rule Supreme.

WILL THEY WIN.

The Row Between the League and Brotherhood at a Crisis.

EVERYTHING GOES.

Football Fiends Are Now Trying to Score a Few Points.

BOSTON, MASS., Nov. 12, 1887.

Patience is a virtue, but there is such a thing as even trying patience to such an extent that it ceases to be a virtue.

We love our League club and admire the business-like manner in which its officials conduct all matters which come before it. There is no reason why Boston should not have as strong a club as can be got together.

It is a pleasure to see the enterprising management strengthen up the club by infusing young blood into the ranks. But when it has to be done by deliberately robbing other clubs of their most promising young players, without those clubs having the slightest redress, it looks like piling on the agony pretty thick.

Possibly it is perfectly legitimate, as far as baseball law is concerned, but it is a long way off from being right or just.

Who makes these laws? Do the clubs which stand back and see their choicest drawing cards picked off like berries from a bush have a voice in the forming of the laws? Oh, no; that would never do. The honorable gentlemen who now absolutely control the baseball of the country could not afford to allow that much power to slip from their grasp.

The National League held the reins in their own hands until a rival sprang up in the American Association, which grew so powerful that they compelled the League to change their tactics, which they did with grace.

There is no love between the League and Association, and either one would crowd the other out of the field if they could do so, but they cannot, so they for self-protection have to band together in order to form a combination as strong as to be able to control all other baseball organizations in the country.

The whole business reminds us of two powerful bands of pirates sufficiently strong to rule the high seas. Every vessel that sailed on the waters was theirs to plunder when they saw fit, and at will sweep down upon the coast and clean out whole towns and cities, and chuckle while they divided the spoils.

Men of this sort would naturally be too shrewd to battle with each other, for fear of exterminating themselves, or at least weakening their ranks to such an extent that they would cease to be a terror to the whole world.

It would be policy to draw up a treaty, as it were, to protect their own interests. If they were allowed to plunder at will, one or the other of the bands would be sure to get the best of it, and there would be no end of squabbling. Then again they would overdo the thing and there would be nothing for them to get, as their victims would be as poor as church mice and have no riches accumulated.

The situation is easily taken in. The pirates are wise men. It is a gigantic thing and all it needs is careful nursing.

They make their own laws, agreeing only to rob once a year, and that to be in the fall after all the grain had been gathered in. The people fairly jump at this generous offer on the part of the pirates and gladly place themselves under the protection of these noble gentlemen, who have their bellies full of the choicest productions of the land and do not want anything more, unless perchance some riches might be discovered during the course of the year that they felt like grabbing during the period set aside for thieving in their laws, or we will say, treaty.

If it is very choice, and the pirates are afraid of each other, then it is legitimate, under their laws to purchase, providing it is agreeable to all concerned.

Suppose these two bands of marauders are subdivided into smaller bands, and each band controlled its own ship; that the officers of these vessels ruled the smaller fry with a rod of iron. The chiefs or officers of the ships amassed great fortunes and lived like fighting cocks. The common herd, or rather the men who did all the work, of course got their share of the plunder, a good living, more wealth than they accumulated in any other pursuit, but nothing to be compared with that retained by the officers.

Again suppose these warriors should become muthous; object to the ruling they were subjected to; form themselves into a band, and make certain demands of their chieftain under threat of desertion.

Such is the present baseball outlook.

The League may out-general their players, but how much longer are the minor League clubs going to permit these two monster grab-all organizations, under the guise of protection, to lay down laws for them, in which they reserve the right at the close of each season to step in and deliberately rob these clubs in all parts of the country of their very choicest players?

Some of these minor league managers have actually become so bold and daring as to kick and say it is mean, but not one of them has the guts to carry the matter into the courts and put an end to this high-handed way of controlling the entire baseball arena.

It is only a matter of time until this will be eradicated. The baseball business is becoming too great to admit of sixteen clubs laying down the law for hundreds of other clubs to abide by.

If a law is made which does not altogether suit the lawmakers they simply call a special meeting and crush it flatter than a freight train would a load. Where the minor leagues are dissatisfied with a law they have to grin and bear it, for they could kick their heads off and the monster organizations would not pay the slightest attention.

The only way justice can be obtained is for the minor leagues to combine against the National League and American Association and go it on their own hook.

The players have combined, and no matter whether they are backed by a syndicate of wealthy gentlemen or not, they will certainly force the league to give them recognition.

Next in order will be a revolt of the minor league clubs. All they need is courage, and there is but little doubt but that a year or two more of oppression will be all that is needed to bring them to their senses.

If the baseball business is not a monopoly, then there is no definition to the word.

A thing that is attracting much attention in this vicinity, is football. It is a great game for acrobats and possibly that is why it is so popular with the toothpick dudes.

It differs slightly from baseball, especially in the size of the ball as well as the bat. The ball is a size or two larger and is batted with the feet.

Everything goes. If you make a kick at the ball and land on the other fellows jaw you score a point for your side.

When you get hold of the ball and run with it and four hundred other fellows get hold of you and swing you around like a chicken having its head wrung off, then throw you down and jump on you, they call it a scrimmage. You get a thousand bruises, but they don't count, as they are so common and every body has so many of them, that it has been decided not to recognize anything short of a broken leg or a dislocated shoulder.

If a fellow on the other side loses his temper and pokes you in the eye with his clenched fist it don't count, and you are not obliged to recognize him off the field.

He has gained nothing for his side and you are not supposed to notice him, further than to get out of his way when you see him coming, which is a great protection for the other eye.

The game is called football and not handball. It is a game in which you kick, and every time you get a kick you get a mark.

Till you thoroughly understand the game, it is almost impossible to tell whether you are looking at a wrestling match or a rough-and-tumble fight.

When the players are not grabbing each other around the neck and dragging them down till the others jump on them, they are lined up in a long row and sparring with each other, while two or three others get the ball on the ground and monkey with it till one of the fellows throws it between his legs to some other fellow, when the fellows sparring all break away and chase the fellow with the ball.

The bigger ruffian a fellow is the better he gets along. The game is played principally by the college boys, but, as a rule, they are so thick-headed that this sort of exercise is a necessity in order to get their nits in good shape for their winter studies.

If you will observe, football is never played in the spring.

STERY.

ATTACKED BY DESPERADOES.

A special from Laredo, Texas, Nov. 8, says: A courier arrived in the city yesterday afternoon from the Juquino ranch, about eighteen miles up the river from this city, along the line of the Rio Grande and Eagle Pass railroad, and announced an encounter between Servando Perez Magordome, of the above ranch, and two desperadoes, in which Perez had his horse shot from under him, and carries a significant bullet hole through his coat. He was ambushed about 400 yards from the river, and two men, one of whom is the terror of that region, named D. Martinez, a murderer and renegade from Mexico, fired simultaneously upon him, shooting his horse, which fell upon him. He struggled, fell, and, grasping his Winchester, returned the fire. The assassins separated, and Perez took shelter behind a tree, from which he continued to shoot at his enemies, who gave up the fight and rode away. It is thought one of them was wounded. They crossed to the Mexican side. They are of the party who not long ago murdered two men and stole their goods up near Hidalgo, a few miles above the Juquino ranch, on the Mexican side of the river. Officers are scouting up there in hopes of finding them.

STEALING FROM UNCLE SAM.

A special from Greenacres, Ind., November 8, says: A gang of crooks were arrested near here one day last week with a quantity of postage stamps and pocket knives in their possession. Among the stamps were several "due" stamps, which are never sold to the public, and which confirmed the officers' suspicion that a postoffice had been burglarized by them. Post-office Inspector Stewart of Chicago was notified of the arrest and succeeded in tracing the stolen articles to a combined postoffice and country store in Daviess county, Ind. The knives were identified by the proprietor, who is also postmaster. The men will be taken to Indianapolis to-morrow for trial in the United States Court. They gave the names of Ed Hampton, Thomas McMahon, Frank O'Connell, John Davidson and Amos Carroll. They refused to give an account of themselves or the articles found in their possession.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Every sport in the country should send five one-cent stamps for "The Police Gazette International Prize Fight Extra." It contains portraits of Kilrain, Smith, Mitchell, Atkinson, Harding and Richard K. Fox, with illustrations of the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, "A Hero's Ensign," "The Briton's Banner," "A Superb Floral Tribute," and a history of the men and the match. Address Richard K. Fox, P. O. Box 40, New York City.

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PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. HISCOP, 353 Broadway, N. Y.

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" IN ENGLAND.

Smith, Ainslie & Co., Booksellers, &c., 25 Newcastle street, Strand, London, have been appointed agents for the sale of the POLICE GAZETTE in Great Britain. News-dealers, booksellers and others who desire to handle the POLICE GAZETTE and our illustrated books, are requested to communicate with them at once.

RICHARD K. FOX.

BOOKS THAT EVERY ONE SHOULD READ.

Glimpses of Gotham; or, New York by Daylight and After Dark. Man Traps of New York. A Full Exposure of the Metropolitan Swindler. New York by Day and Night. A Continuation of Glimpses of Gotham. New York Tombs; its Secrets, Romances, Crimes and Mysteries. Mysteries of New York Unveiled. One of the most exciting books ever published. Paris by Gaslight. The Gay Life of the Gayest City in the World.

Paris Inside Out; or, Joe Potts on the Loose. A vivid story of Parisian life. The Mysteries of the Play-House Unveiled. Great Artists of the American Stage. Portraits of the Actors and Actresses of America.

Their Lives and Adventures. Billy Leroy, the Colorado Bandit. The King of American Highwaymen. Mysteries of Mormonism. A Full Exposure of its Hidden Crimes. Assassin's Doom. Sequel to Guitane's Crime. A history of the trial and sentence.

Crime Avenged. Sequel to Assassin's Doom. The punishment of the murderer. Murderesses of America. Heroines in the Red Romance of Crime. Lives of the Poisoners. The Most Fascinating Book of the Year.

Maible Unmasked; or, The Wickedest Place in the World. Crimes of the Cranks. Men and Women Who Have Made Infamy an Excuse for Murder. Suicide's Cranks; or, The Curiosities of Self-Murder. Showing the origin of suicide.

Coney Island Frolics. How New York's Gay Girls and Jolly Boys Enjoy Themselves by the Sea.

SPORTING BOOKS.

The American Athlete. A Treatise on the Principles and Rules of Training. Champions of the American Prize Ring. Complete History and Portraits of all the American Heavy Weights.

Life of John C. Heenan, with all his battles. Tug Wilson, champion pugilist of England. Ed. Hanlan, America's Champion Oarsman. Betting Man's Guide; or, How to Invest in Auction and Mutual Pools and Combinations.

Any of the above superbly illustrated books mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Box 40, N. Y.

AN INNOCENT MAN PARDONED.

A special from Jefferson City, Mo., November 8, says: George Fulks, who was sent to the State Prison from Gentry county in September, under sentence of three years for horse stealing, was pardoned by the Governor to-day for the simple reason that since his trial and conviction and incarceration in the Penitentiary evidence has been unearthed which shows that he was entirely innocent of the crime imputed to him.

The facts in the case came about in this wise: A horse was stolen near Albany, Gentry county, July 31, 1887. Fulks, who had been living around Albany, working at a day laborer, disappeared a day or two before the horse, and when he returned two or three weeks later he was arrested. A witness was found who swore he had seen Fulks with the horse. The latter claimed that he was working at the time of the theft near Kansas City. He was too poor to procure the witness to prove the alibi, and was convicted.

After Fulks was sent here, several of the citizens of Albany became satisfied that an innocent man was suffering punishment for a crime he never committed, and among them was Prosecuting Attorney McCarthy, who went to Kansas City and hunted up the evidence, which proved beyond dispute that Fulks was working for a contractor on the Santa Fe road at Kansas City the day the horse was stolen.

In laying the matter before the Governor the Prosecuting Attorney said that he was actuated by the conviction that it was his duty to protect the guiltless as well as to punish the guilty. In granting the pardon the Governor said that he did it because Fulks was an innocent man. He commended very highly the action of the Prosecuting Attorney.

A YEAR FOR A LIFE.

Thomas Morey, a farmer who owned a farm near Mount Holly, N. J., adjoining that of Abel Broom, was sentenced there Nov. 10 to one year in State Prison for murder in the second degree. Morey and Broom had been bad friends for many years, the difference growing out of a quarrel about a line fence. A large chestnut tree stood so nearly on the line that both claimed it as their property.

Mr. Broom was found dead about six weeks ago under that chestnut tree with his brains beaten out. A club lay near his body. Morey, to throw suspicion from himself, carried the information of Broom's murder to his family. But this subterfuge was seen through at a glance, and he was arrested as the murderer and subsequently convicted. The Court inflicted the light sentence of one year on account of the advanced age of the prisoner and a numerous signed petition to the Court for clemency.

WHIRLED TO HIS DEATH.

While Frank Horning, a fourteen-year-old boy, who lived with his parents at No. 175 Stanton street and worked in Collier's printing house, No. 108 Attorney street, was filling a bag with shavings, November 10, his clothing became entangled with the shaft, and a second later he was thrown, crushed, bleeding and nearly dead, in front of Kate Callahan and Lizzie Mooney, two of the operatives in the establishment. He was dead before medical assistance arrived.

TO ADVERTISERS.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements, \$1.00 per line. Reading notices, 2.00 " " Copy for advertisements must be in by Tuesday noon in order to insure insertion in following issue. The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14 inches each, and 24 inches wide.

ALL AGATE MEASUREMENT, EIGHT WORDS AVERAGE A LINE.

No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.

During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers. Cash should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention.

No new accounts are opened for advertising. No commission will be allowed to any agent who has not previously placed trade in these columns.

TO READERS.

Don't send money for goods to this office. We cannot undertake to purchase for any one. Send direct to the advertiser always.

Letters to advertisers should be inclosed in sealed envelopes, bearing (upon the outside) the sender's address written across the end, in addition to the advertiser's address, written lengthwise as usual. This is an almost infallible prevention of loss and disappointment. Letters so treated are returnable to the sender, unopened, if they fail of delivery.

Correspondents abroad are cautioned against sending foreign postage stamps, which are useless as a remittance; post office orders can invariably be obtained, and should be used exclusively.

THE ANNUAL HOLIDAY EDITION OF THE POLICE GAZETTE

Will be the regular issue No. 534, published December, 3, 1887.

Advertising columns close Tuesday, November 29, 1887, at 2 P. M. No advance in rates, \$1 per line. An issue of not less than 250,000 may be confidently relied upon, making the cost 25¢ of a cent per line per thousand issued, for the most effective and consequently the cheapest advertising medium in the world.

Don't fail to be represented upon that occasion. Address all orders to RICHARD K. FOX, P. O. Box 40, New York City.

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FACIAL BLEMISHES. the Largest Establishment in the World for their Treatment. Facial Development, Hair and Scalp, Superfluous Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Acne, Pimples, Bl'k Heads, Scars, Pitting, etc., and their treatment. Send 10c. for book of 50 pages, 4th edition. Dr. JOHN H. WOODBURY, 87 North Pearl St., Albany, N. Y. Established 1872. Inventor of Facial Appliances, Springs, etc. Six Parfums.

WE GROW HEAVY MOUSTACHES in 30 to 40 days. Mustache Wax and Hair on Bald Heads in 30 to 40 days. Dr. H. H. Woodbury at 87 North Pearl St., Albany, N. Y. We will grow this or pay \$100.00 in cash. Young and old make 50¢. No experience needed. We send you 5¢ sample. By mail the best stamps or 15¢ for \$1. Simply cost. Smith & Co., P. O. Box 1116, Ill.

YOUTHFUL VIGOR restored by using the famous Nervous Debility Pills; \$1 per box; 6 for \$5. N. E. MED. INSTITUTE, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

LAWYERS

Divorce Law of Illinois. Legal advice free. Send Stan. v. Cornell & Spencer, 106 Randolph St., Chicago.

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Counterfeit Money, not any. (1) sample for inspection 10c. Address: Look Box 645, Rutland, Vt.

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To Saloonkeepers and Sporting Men.

COLORED PHOTOGRAPHS,

IN FIGHTING ATTITUDE, OF

JAKE KILRAIN,

"Police Gazette" Champion of America, and

JEM SMITH,

Champion of England.

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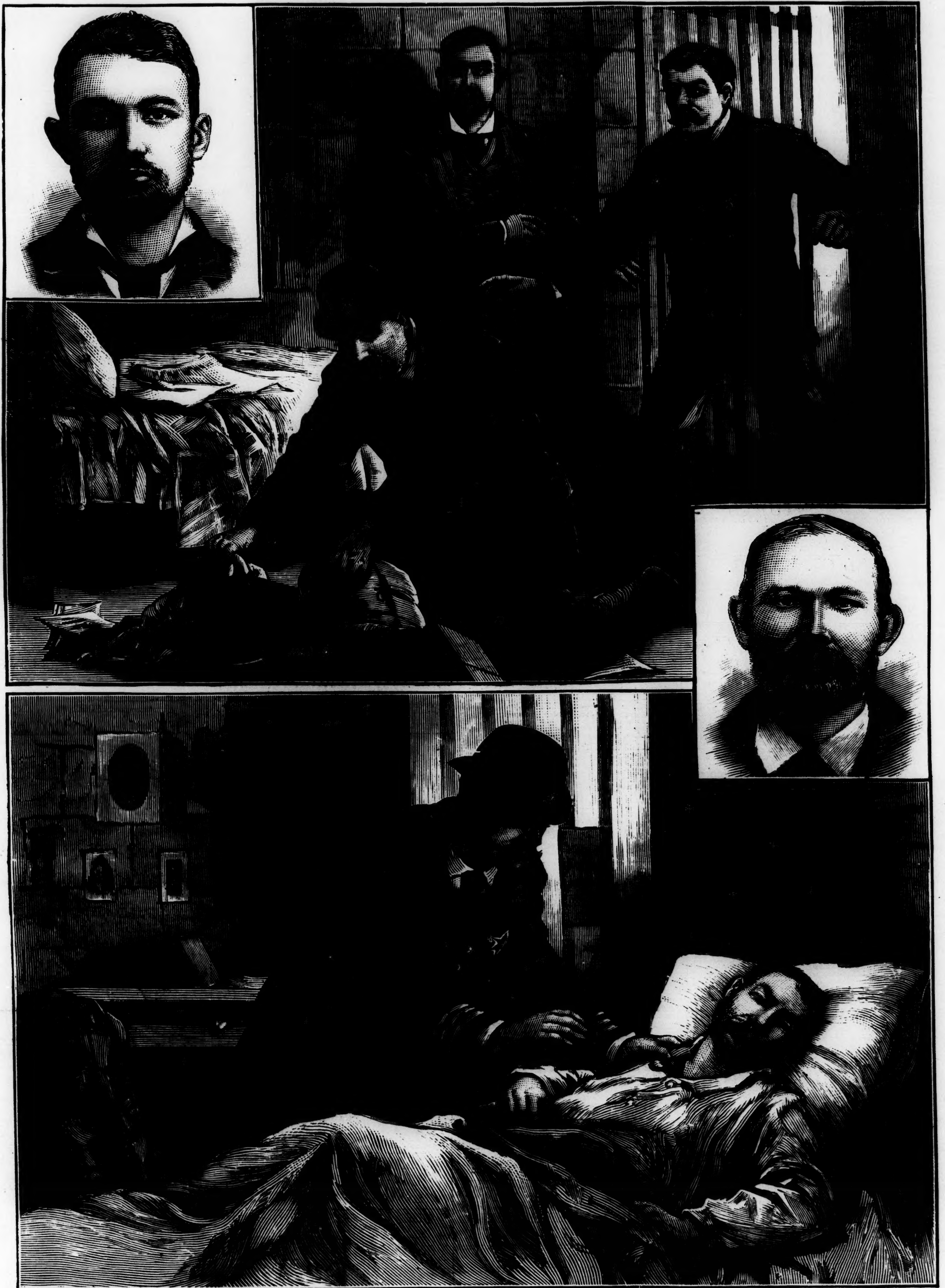
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